Tuesday. April 1. 1930. Pleasant. windy 50°

We usually think of the first day of April in a humorous way. Mr Boyer said this morning: "A sense of humor is good in any thing." We've discovered that its good to put a little humor into the story of the house - as the hostesses tell it to the guests who come to see the Inn. Not, of course, to make things seem ridiculous - but to add a little wit now and then. It keeps interest alive. One day a hostess was taking a small group of people through the house and as usual had made a few humorous remarks. The people she was taking through at this particular time were evidently of high intelligence and apparently much interested in the house and its furniture. In the group was a gentleman who kept very quiet all the way along. He looked as though he might have been a college professor (one can usually tell the type). He didn't say one word as the hostess told the story, but at the end when taking leave, he came up close to the hostess and quietly said: "Thank you for the jokes - they were a great help!"

Lamson Barn -

March 22, 1930

Wayside Inn goats apparently have a sense of humor!

Wednesday. April 2. 1930 Cloudy + windy 55°

One of the hostesses was surprised this afternoon when she was explaining some of the utensils in the old kitchen to a group of people to hear a small voice on the front row say: "Oh! I know what that is — its a Betty lamp." This really was a surprise because not many of our visitors are familiar enough with early lighting devices to distinguish them by name — or even to know them by sight! The small voice came from the person of Miss Betty Frazier and we learned later on that Betty is nine years old and an exceptionally bright child. She lives and attends school in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania and has been enjoying a Spring vacation with her parents in and about Boston. After seeing the Inn, the school house and the baby lambs over in the field, it was decided that the Frazier family stay over night here. During the evening Betty sat with drawing utensils and drew and colored a picture of the old brown jug which sets on the floor under a Sheraton Table over in the parlor. We begged to have the picture and here it is. Betty, by the way, is a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla.

Friday. April 4. 1930 Pleasant 60°

Its a question of Give and Take. The Inn gives to its guests an appreciation of early life in New England; it gives a respect and reverence for our Puritan ancestors; it gives something - often times an intangible something to our guests that they do not speak about. The Inn takes much from its guests. They bring new thoughts from afar - which keeps the Inn alive - interesting. People who have accomplished big things in life add their names to those who have made the Inn famous! All the time - every day - interesting people. This week there have been so many! Their names may not mean much to the world in general now - but wait and see!

On Monday. Mr. & Mrs. Payson Smith dined with us - Mr. Smith, Massachusetts State Commissioner of Education. Tuesday and Wednesday, three men representing three well known periodicals, one from the financial department of the New York times; one from the Atlantic Monthly and one from the Horse Beautiful. To-day some of the cast from the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespearean Players were here for tea. Last Saturday the director of this company, Mr. Bridges-Adams, was a guest of Mrs. Gray at the Inn. Mrs. Gray, we have discovered, is wife of the English Consul General in Boston and is a perfectly charming young English woman. She has been to the Inn several times.

Daniel Webster's Birthplace Franklin N.H.

Saturday. April 5, 1930. Sunny, warmer 71°

One of our guests said recently: "Why do you have so many things in the Inn pertaining to Daniel Webster - what connection has he with the Inn?" None that we know of, except it is more than likely that Daniel Webster once, or perhaps more than once, stopped here as a guest. The desk over in the Parlor which is said to have been used by Daniel Webster is a very beautiful piece of furniture. Some people call it of Sheraton design and some say it is Hepplewhite. But its French feet would indicate that it is Hepplewhite. It is a Bureau type of desk. The top pushes in and gives the effect of two drawers. You pull out the "two drawers and you have a comfortable writing desk. A check of Daniel Websters for $1000, drawn on the Bank of New York, hangs framed on the Parlor wall and in the Lower Hall is a large oil painting of the great orator. We also have a lamp that was given to Daniel Webster when he was in the Senate and a framed letter bearing his autograph.

Signs of Spring 1930.

Monday. April 7, 1930. Cloudy. Showers

To add to the picturesque-ness of the scene. One of the small Grade School boys who has been working in the Lawson barn, decided he would like to take our little Wayside Inn pony, "Brownie" out for some exercise. He put a saddle on Brownie's back and hopped on himself. Brownie had'nt been out of the barn for some time and felt very peppy as the boys say. All went well until Nick and Brownie arrived at the Grade School house and there they started company. Brownie went out from under Nick, it was said, and Nick and some of the other boys started in pursuit. The pony decided to return to the barn and a lively chase was seen down Dutton Road. It was lunch time; both for the pony and Nick. But Nickey was late for lunch and came into the dining room with brown eyes snapping and red cheeks glowing; full of animation and excitement - much to the amusement of all the other boys.

Nick and Brownie
Here, in a very friendly pose.

Tuesday. April 8. 1930. Windy. cold 45

BEAR CAMP RIVER OVERFLOWS IN N. H.

Three Miles of State Highway Near Ossipee Inundated

OSSIPEE, N. H., April 7 (AP)—Three miles of state highway and hundreds of acres of fields were under water here tonight after the Bear Camp river, reaching its annual freshet stage, overflowed its banks.

Traffic on the east side highway, which is one of the main routes from Massachusetts to the White Mountains, was interrupted over a distance of about three miles between Center Ossipee and West Ossipee. Motor cars were diverted around the mountain road from West Ossipee to Ossipee Valley when the depth of the water on the road reached two and three feet.

Every spring when the Bear Camp river reaches flood stage this section of road is flooded, together with adjacent fields reaching to the Boston & Maine railroad tracks. Usually the water reaches only to the running boards of automobiles and travel is not halted but sometimes the rise is so great as to send traffic over the old back road over the hills. Usually, little damage is caused and the flood subsides in about 24 hours.

The Whittier highway running from Meredith to West Ossipee also was under water in several places, but travel was not checked since the water did not exceed one foot in depth.

The Bear Camp is a small stream flowing into Ossipee lake and only in spring when swelled by rains and melting snows from the uplands leaves its narrow banks.

You wouldn't think that the little Bear Camp River up in New Hampshire would be of any special interest to us - but it does concern us - in this day. Over in the Gate House is an old stage coach which says on it "Bear Camp River House" and this coach used to run for many years between Ossipee and Union New Hampshire - The Bear Camp River House en route between the two towns, owned the coach, and it undoubtedly stopped there to allow its passengers rest and refreshment. John Greenleaf Whittier was a constant visitor at Ossipee, always stopping at the Bear Camp River House, and as there was no other way for him to come and go - except by this old coach - we can safely assume that the poet rode in it many times. The coach originally was made at the Sibley Carriage Company of the Village - now Lakeport, New Hampshire, about the year 1830. This makes the coach approximately one hundred years old.

Wednesday. April 9. 1930 Cloudy cold 42°

As a professional Reporter would say. I asked Mr. Bushnell a Leading question. I asked him why he needed to wear goggles. Resting a bit below Mr. Bushnell's forehead on his golden red hair, was a pair of goggles - real goggles. Similar to those that were worn when automobiles first came about and one simply must fit the

picture when he went motoring - in linen duster, linen cap and always — Goggles! "Well" — Mr. Bushnell responded — "here's another pair for yourself and if you'll follow me. I'll show you." We were then on the ground floor of the Wayside Inn Trade School laboratory, but Mr. Bushnell led the way and soon we were down stairs in the basement. Here, Mr. Bushnell first explained, is a stock room containing all sorts of automobile parts for use in repairing and reconstructing automobiles. Automobiles from all departments at the Inn are sent over to the "lab" for servicing and overhauling. The boys are helped in this — and in all work - by a director. This morning an old Tractor was being re-assembled. Beyond this was a Model T Ford engine - taken out of an old Inn Bus and this supplies power for an electric generator making electricity for lights etc. — and also pumps air into a compressor for use in automobile tires. The little old Model T is doing all the work and for a muffler to the engine - an old radiator is connected in some way — muffling the sound and, incidentally, supplying much heat for the west end of the building.

(next page)

Then we went to the opposite end of the building and donned the goggles! Mr. Bushnell explained that he was going to weld two pieces of steel together. Terrific heat brought through a tube from containers of acetylene and oxygen was held over the pieces of steel and soon they became red hot, melted and were fused together. Several boys were tinkering around at work benches and getting the plans in shape - for as yet it is not nearly completed. I saw a blacksmith forge over in a corner and Mr. Bushnell said he hoped to have a steam engine in operation - some day. We returned to the ground floor and at one end of this long room is another stock room - a carpenters bench stands near by and several small machines for making tools; for doing various things which go towards making and repairing tools.

The West side Jr. Trade School Laboratory stands by the side of Hop Brook - which brook flows along down from the Christ Mill - underneath the "Bridge of Stone" and through the meadow lands over in back of the Inn. Someday its water power may be used for running the various machines in the laboratory. At present the meadows lands are flooded - like a mill pond - and wild ducks - many of them make their home here. To-day we saw a migration of Swallows - recently arrived from the southland - hovering over the fresh, cool water.

Thursday. April 10. 1930 Pleasant. warmer 70°

There is nothing of particular interest to write concerning guests this week. They are of course increasing in number as the Spring season moves on. Spring has not come very rapidly as yet. however. and warm days have been few and far between. Miss Hopkins said just the other day that the children in the Redstone School had not quite gotten into the spirit of Spring - were not as eager to be out of doors looking for birds and things as in past years. But it is early yet. March winds have hardly stopped blowing. In spite of the cold weather - the usual Spring work is going on around the place. Lawns are being raked - grass burned down - fertilizer put on and plants uncovered. Inside the house - a room at a time is being given a thorough cleaning - paint washed - floors scrubbed and windows polished.

Concord Building to Open April 19

The new building of the Concord Antiquarian Society will be opened to the public for the first time on the afternoon of Patriot's Day, April 19.

The entire studio of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet and philosopher, is to be transferred to the new house and given space to be known as the Emerson room.

A collection of the possessions of Henry David Thoreau will occupy another room. The kitchen, which is finished in the style of 1650, will be used as a meeting place for the society.

The final arrangements for the opening of the new house are now being made by the officers of the society, who include Allen French, president; John G. Morse and Mrs. Herbert Buttrick Hosmer, vice presidents; Fred A. Tower, treasurer; B. Alcott Pratt, secretary; Mrs. Henry F. Smith, Mrs. H. Robert Bygrave and Mrs. Gaylord Cummin, executive committee.

The land on which the new antiquarian house stands was given to the society by the Emerson heirs. Much of the woodwork has been given by Russell H. Kettell, master at Middlesex School and author of several books on antiques. Harry B. Little of Concord and Boston is the architect.

We have heard a good deal recently about the new building of the Concord Antiquarian Society and find that it is to be officially opened on the 19th of April. Mrs. Hosmer of the Farm and Garden Association is one of the officers of the Society.

The old store
March 22
1930

Friday. April 11, 1930 Sunny warm 70°

Work on rebuilding the old Parmenter store is progressing. The outside appears to be nearly done - but inside there is much yet to be done. Mr. William Parmenter from whom the store was purchased, has set up another little store in Sudbury Center and is selling a few groceries there. It's just a little room built right on to his house - in front of the kitchen - so that both Mr. and Mrs. Parmenter can tend shop - when needed. Mrs. Parmenter says that Mr. Parmenter doesn't like it. He doesn't think it's large enough - that they ought to keep more things to sell - like potatoes and kerosene - but there just isn't room enough - and not much trade. Mr. Parmenter doesn't get exercise enough - Mr. & Mrs. Parmenter are both looking well - but Mr. Parmenter seems a bit lonesome for the old store - and who can blame him after tending it for fifty years!

Saturday April 12. 1930 Pleasant. warm. 75°

Whiting Hall in Sudbury was the scene of a debate which took place last evening between the Whiting Hall School boys and the Wayside Jr. Grade School boys. They debated the question - Should Capital Punishment be abolished? Our boys took the affirmative and won. The judges in their announcement stated that the sides were pretty evenly balanced in their arguments; that the negative had perhaps a better delivery - a better presentation. but that after careful consideration they had decided in the affirmative. We may be a bit prejudiced. but we thought our boys did admirably well. Every sentence in their argument was a step - held a significant meaning - whereas the Whiting Hall boys seemed often to repeat - to present the same argument in different words. Frank Calvert. our leader said: "Capital punishment is opposed to all ideals of civilization - The Spirit of Progress will abolish Capital Punishment - Should we find Gallows at the end of the lane, instead of Guide Posts at the beginning?"

The Sociality. friendliness and neighborliness of the occasion was a pleasing part of the evenings program - The Whiting Hall boys had a well organized little orchestra which played during the evening and during "inter mission" a few songs were rendered by the Glee Club - After the debate punch and cake were served. It was an interesting experience for our boys to become acquainted with other boys - to see this other schools building - to know of other schools work and play. We found the Whiting Hall masters and boys very cordial and hospitable and their school a very home-like place - As Mr. Aiken. headmaster, suggested, we hope it is the first one in a series of similar events.

Thursday, April 3. 1930 — Fair & warmer - 60°

Our guests comment constantly on the flowers in the house. We are having them in great variety lately and among many others are Nastirtiums. "Where in the world do you get fresh Nastirtiums at this time of year?" a lady asked to-day. "Right from our own Green-house" the hostess replied. We often talk and think about our Green-house. But seldom visit it or realize what an amount of work is going on up there. Mr. Lee takes great pride in it and it looks very green and flourishing and colorful within. To-day Mr. Lee sent us down the following number and variety of flowers:

5 Cut Calla lilies
2½ doz. Snap Dragon.
9 doz. Nastirtiums
5 Cut Hyacinths
2 doz Annual Larkspur
¼ " Cut Martha Washington "Mums"
3½ " Marguerites
1 " Calendula

4 doz Agatha
6 doz Stock
5 doz Cacalia
1 doz Lantana
3½ doz Browallia
3 doz Verbena
½ doz Petunia
1 Bunch Asparagus fern.

Monday April 14. 1930. Pleasant warm 70°

Mrs. Lemon and Eddy Lemon and two friends made us a short visit this afternoon - staying for tea and looking about the house. It is pleasant for us to have Mrs. Lemon come once in a while for we know she must cherish fond memories of the place and feel that it is - after all. her own old home. She spoke again however. of her pleasure in having Mr. Ford the present landlord - that she knew Mr. Lemon would be glad could he know that Mr. Ford had bought the Inn - that Mr. Lemon had spoken several times before he died about selling the place and said he wished Mr. Ford would buy it. "But" Mrs. Lemon said - "he never would have sold the place to any one as long as he lived - he loved it so - and he thought if could carry it on - but it was too much to care for everything. I could have done the kitchen end - but everything was more than I could handle." Mrs. Lemon looked well and smiling and is still making her present home in Arlington - going to Vermont for the summer months.

This sketch shows Franklin Pierce setting out from Concord in 1853 to be inaugurated president of the United States. In the lower hall of the Inn is a steel engraving of General Pierce. It was he who appointed Nathaniel Hawthorne to the post of U.S. Consul in Liverpool. President Pierce was also a good friend of Longfellow and it has been said that through this friendship that President Pierce gave to Luigi Monti (the young Sicilian in the Tales of a Wayside Inn) the consulship at Palermo. Sicily.

Tuesday. April 15. 1930 Windy. colder. 68°

Much is being said and written about Mr. Fords Educational program - of his plan for a group of educational institutions to be established sometime in the near future. Let us think for a minute about the Wayside Inn as an educational center. The Inn itself - exclusive of the Redstone School. the Trade School or other outlying buildings. Under Mr. Fords care and supervision the Inn has for the past six years been carrying on an intensive educational program. It should head the list as being a pioneer in developing and carrying out Mr. Fords ideas of education.

The Wayside Inn is not advertised as a place of learning - no professors are called as faculty. no scolars enroll as students in the usual way. And yet the Inn reaches thousands of persons - boys. girls. men and women each year and teaches them - teaches them in a most unusual way. The majority of "students" as we will call our guests - are not aware that they are learning. They think that in learning history. for instance. one must read something out of a book - something dull and uninteresting. But history. the history of this country in particular. can be learned in a very interesting. practical way - by actually seeing how our fore fathers lived. Furniture of the 17th and 18th centuries bespeaks the character of the early settlers - simple and sturdy. A bare existence without any of the so-called luxuries of life - signifies an earnest desire and struggle for freedom and independence. The very utensils used and painstakingly made by hand have proved to be great steps in the advancement of our economic life. "History is bunk". Mr. Ford said. It is bunk if only read out of a "History Book.

Wednesday. April 16. 1930 Windy, cold 64°

A quaint old possession of ours is the Foot Stove in the Bar room. It's a little bit older than most old foot stoves we have seen. The square box part is made of wood and carved with a sun-burst design on three sides. The fourth side of the box slides up and reveals a small round iron container inside which was used to hold live coals from the fireplace. The live coals kept the box warm and with an attached handle, it made a convenient, comfortable stove to carry to church to rest your feet on! Of course the churches were very cold in the old days! in the days before furnaces. and the ministers sermon was pretty long. Therefore, those who could afford it, brought their foot stoves to church. But only the wealthy church members at first could afford a foot stove. "The poorer people who had no stoves were so cold that they often sat in fear & causing unseemly disturbance by the clattering of their teeth." so says a recent article in the Boston Post. Our little foot stove has a red heart painted on the sliding door and we have been told that this would indicate that it was made by some young Colonial swain for his sweetheart and presented to her on Valentines day.

Thursday. April 17. 1930. Cloudy 45°

Twenty-five students taking a course in Decorative Arts at Wheaton College were visitors this afternoon. They were a delightful group - delightful to the hostess who told them about the House. for they paid the strictest attention to her story and were genuinely interested in everything concerning the Inn. Later on in the afternoon a small group of young Jewish girls came out from a Teachers College in Boston and they too were most attentive and interested.

Mr. Varrichone and one of the boys - settling a debate?

Friday. April 18. 1930 Cloudy. 46°

This is Good Friday and for the Journal we have an Italian Easter Card which Mr. Varrichione brought in to us the other day. It is quite different from the usual Easter Greeting cards of our own country, but expresses a sincere, appropriate sentiment. Mr. Varrichione translated it for us. It says: Good Easter and then speaks of the flowers; that Easter comes to us in the blossoming of flowers.

Saturday. April 19. 1930. Cloudy 64°

The significance of the day - The 19th of April - the battles of Concord and Lexington - Paul Revre's Ride - the whole story comes back to us as we repeat

"On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five
Hardly a man is now alive etc"

It is Longfellow's poem that has brought the picture so clearly before us - We see Paul Revre spreading the alarm

"Through every Middlesex village and farm"

But how few of our guests to-day - out of the hundreds that came - knew that "Paul Revres Ride" as told by Longfellow had any connection with the Wayside Inn! "Paul Revres Ride" is the first story in Tales of a Wayside Inn. It was supposedly told by the landlord of the Inn - Lyman Howe. Lyman Howe's grandsire - Ezekiel Howe - led the Sudbury companies to Concord on "that famous day and year" A Revolutionary musket, powder horn and canteen hang over the mantle in the bar-room of the Inn - the bar-room where many soldiers during the days of the great struggle for independence - warmed and refreshed themselves.

Monday. April 21. 1930 Partly cloudy 60°

Yesterday, Easter Sunday, was a beautiful, glorious day. The sun shone warm and bright on every little bud - helping to bring it out to a larger, fuller life. Immortality. A larger - fuller - better life to come. We have a tremendous faith in it & and yet it must not be a selfish faith - a faith that makes us satisfied.

Our forefathers founded a wonderful land - a wonderful country - on this faith. They trusted in God - and by their faith they built something big and fine - They laid a firm foundation. Just so with the men who built this dear old Inn. They built carefully, thoughtfully, plans fashioningly and have gone on to that fuller - better life - Are we now going to feel satisfied - content to sit down on what they accomplished and never strive for something better - No - we must not do that. We too must build up - and reach out for something that will enlarge - will improve on what they have left for us to carry on. And so with our reverence and respect for the old - let us bring to the Inn a new construction work - just as fine as that of the past.

Tuesday. April 22. 1930. Partly cloudy 60°

Mrs. Clark. one of our guests to-day came from the old stone house in Wallingford, Vermont. This old house was once a shop where the first garden tools in the United States were made - trowels - hoes etc. The house is now owned by the American Fork and Hoe Co. of Cleveland - a continuation or branch of the old original company - and this company maintains the place as a tea room and gift shop with Mrs. Clark in charge - Mrs. Clark expressed a desire to have Mr. & Mrs. Ford visit the place some day.

Other guests, recently, were caretakers of an old Mission House in Stockbridge Massachusetts which house is soon to be opened to the public by Miss Mabel Choate. The house was built by the General Court for one John Sargent an early pioneer in western Massachusetts. and Miss Choate has furnished it in the furniture of the early eighteenth century - previous to 1760. The caretakers. a man and his wife. were very much interested in the Inn - the arrangement of furniture - the flowers - the way the hostess told the story of the house. They said that Miss Choate places to back part of the rooms in the Mission House - roped off - so that visitors can not enter.

It is a commendable work which enterprise - to restore and preserve these old houses - we are heartily in favor - but if only some of the old time spirit of hospitality, of cordiality and friendliness could also be restored! Roped-off rooms, "do not touch signs", and the like. do not add to the charm of an old house - One can more fully understand and appreciate the old time ways and days if he can walk on the rugs, sleep in the beds sit in the chairs - as he can in this old Wayside Inn -

Wednesday. April 23. 1930. Windy 52°

There is a patter of tiny foot steps down the hall way and Dorothy Jane Boyer appears. Nearly three years old - red cheeks - bright blue eyes - short brown hair - dimples in her tiny little hands and sturdy little legs to run on - Dorothy Jane is not inclined to be very friendly unless she is well aquainted. Sometimes she looks at you from out the corner of her eye and gives an inviting smile - as if she were inviting you to make her aquaintance - But when you come nearer - she cuddles up to someone she knows better - or runs down the hall calling "Auntie May. Auntie May" Auntie May is Miss Welch and there is Aunt Martha (Miss Hopkins) and Betty and Mr. Varrichione and Paul Revere - and she puts the right name on the right person - hardly ever making a mistake. She also remembers well the various places around the Inn - If you show her a picture of the mill and ask her if it is the school - house - she will say: "No. That's not the school - that's the mill" Some day we hope Dorothy Jane will be going down to the Redstone School where her sister Betty is now a pupil - but not too soon. These are such precious years for her and for us - to hear her little foot steps come pattering down the hall of the old Wayside Inn.

Thursday. April 23. 1930 Windy 52°

It was with a real feeling of regret that we waved farewell to our parting guests this morning. The parting guests were two young ladies of High School age who have been staying here for the past three days. They didn't leave via a modern motor car - or by bus - or yet on foot - but they drove on horse back - as one might picture guests of the Inn in the old days. These young ladies, however, were not attired in long flowing skirts riding side saddle. But were dressed comfortably in riding breeches and bright sweaters. Their home is in Lexington and they rode over from there for a little holiday - vacation outing. During the day times they would ride and ride over the narrow woodsy dirt roads in the surrounding country side - and after a hearty meal they would hitch up and start out and ride some more! In the evenings we joined them sitting in front of the fireplaces or wandering through the house - truely appreciative visitors of both in doors and out doors -

Friday. April 24. 1930. Pleasant 53°

Miss Mary A. Liddley of Washington arrived yesterday afternoon and stayed over night. last night. She is here in the interest of the restoration of the town of Williamsburg. Va. sponsered by Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. Among the houses which Mr. Rockefeller is restoring in this old town of Williamsburg. is the ~~old~~ Raleigh Tavern - a famous old tavern of the South - Miss Liddley is now manager of the Dodge Hotel in Washington and is soon to divide her duties between Washington and Williamsburg - having accepted Mr. Rockefellers offer to become his director at Williamsburg.

Frances Margaret Fox of Mackinaw City. Michigan a writer of childrens stories registered in our special guest book yesterday.

This article was written by Priscilla Staples hostess in connection with a course in Creative Writing she is taking from Columbia University April '30.

Mr. Smith: Old Time Miller
Comes into his own again at the Wayside Inn

I pressed the latch on the big red wooden door and walked into the Wayside Inn Grist Mill. "Well, I bin wonderin where you bin"; Mr. Smith slipped hands and smiled a genuinely pleased to see you smile. "I bin makin some bran this mornin"; he continued and then proceeded to stretch his arm down into a large wooden container. In the bottom of the chest was a yellowish looking flour which Mr. Smith fumbled through his fingers and then held a little of it up in the air and let it fall back down again into the bin. He did this several times like a child playing in a sand pile. A cloud of dust arose. Not a dirty dust for the wheat is thoroughly freed of any dirt before it is ground. But a fine light powder filled the air and formed a resting place on anyone or anything that chanced to be nearby. Then I knew why Mr. Smith looked pale! Perhaps it wasn't the dust alone, however. For Mr. Smith certainly looked thinner than the last time I saw him and his face seemed drawn. At any rate, he didn't look quite natural. But then, of course, he was not playing on his own home ground. The last time I had seen Mr. Smith he was decidedly at home.

Three miles outside the town of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, over narrow dirt roads, you drive through wooded rolling country sparsely settled and find a little old community of two houses and a large old grist mill. 125 years old — a blacksmith shop — an up-and-down Saw Mill and in the cellar of the mill, a cider press. It was here that I had last seen Mr. Smith. The place looked deserted. The yard was cluttered with frames of old wooden wheels. There was a wheelwright shop too — by the way — and one or two solid mill stones were lying idle in the yard. The mill pond stood lazily near by and a large sign tacked to a tree informed us:

No Trespassing or Fishing
E. R. Smith

Mr. Smith was born in one of the two houses — a house that sets on a little embankment overlooking the mill pond. In speaking of the old place Mr. Smith said: "I was born around a grist mill. My father came to the place when he was twenty-two years old.

next page

Took the mill over. Business was rushing in those days. Farmers came for miles around. Used to work night and day. At night with lanterns. Why we used to grind everything - wheat, rye, corn, beans, peas. buckwheat - everything but sweet corn. I wanted to go to a regular machine shop and learn the business but my father says "Here's plenty of work for you to do right here." And here was. Gosh how they used to spin yarns around that old stove. There ain't nothin now. I started to drop off bout ten years ago. I got little wood to saw, that's all." Mr. Smith sawed his wood, cleaned the place up a bit and for the first time in his life - left it - left the place where he was born and reared. No wonder he didn't look quite at home in this newly constructed Grist Mill. I ventured a question. "Don't you miss your old place?" I thought I saw a trace of a tear in his eyes. "Guess I do I tell you'll. Had an awful time with myself for a day or two. Had it been for this young chap, I don't think I'd a stayed." He motioned towards a young man who was bending over a work bench near by. "I'll grind some wheat for you—" Mr. Smith changed the subject.

A turn of a wheel which looks something like the steering wheel of an automobile - set upright, started a swishing of water

over the great steel wheel outside and a rumbling of gears underneath us. Even tho the building is of recent construction and made of stone with an outside wall two feet thick, it seemed to shake when all the machinery started running. The cleaning machines cleaned. The elevators carried the grain from one floor to another and the

mill stones whirred around and ground the wheat into white wheat flour. Mr. Smith explained that the grinding stones had been brought to this country from France. "Course we used native stones over at the old place" Mr. Smith said, "I'm kinda careful of all this new stuff here. I'm more careful of things that belong to someone else than I am my own."

The whirring of the grind stones reminded me of the story about the farmer who was bringing his corn to the mill one day to be ground. As he approached the mill he heard the grinding of the mill stones and there was a music to the sounds. It wasn't a steady even sound. But there was a rhythm to it - and so the farmer says as the large stones turned round and round: "for a half. for a half... for a half" meaning that the miller would waste or steal half the lot of grain which the farmer was bringing to the mill. The next day as the farmer neared the mill and heard the sound of the mill stones, he says "Bag and all -- bag and all... bag and all!"

"Oh sure" said Mr. Smith. "They always used to say the miller was a thief - always said that's why his pigs looked so fat! And then Mr. Smith laughed. He threw back his head and a hearty, high-pitched laugh came forth. We heard old Vermont farmers laugh the same way. They don't make low, half-suppressed polite noises. But when they laugh! They laugh- way up high and long and loud. I thought it a good time to leave Mr. Smith - cheered up a bit - and in parting said: "It's good to see you over here, Mr. Smith. You know a lot about Grist Mills, don't you?" Well, I guess I don't know nothin' much about anything else." he replied. He genuinely pleased to see - your smile came back and the miller courteously bowed a good bye as he held his cap high in the air over his curly gray hair.

Saturday. April 26. 1930 — Pleasant. warm 60°

A yellow bus. a gray bus. a big bus. a little bus - most any kind of a bus is apt to arrive at the Inn at most any time of day. Sometimes they come in the early morning. Sometimes in the evening. This evening just as we were about to serve a chicken dinner to seventy people in a Camps Directors group - and just as a Mrs. Thompson arrived with a group of eleven for dinner - besides all our other Saturday evening dinner-guests arriving about the same time — four large busses drove into the yard. bringing one hundred and fifty school children to see the house! Often in the early morning. as early as eight or half past - a bus can be seen parked across the street. It is a sure sign that a group of students - a Convention group or perhaps a Ladies Aid Society - has come to see the Inn.

REDEMPTION CHURCH

The Rev. Dr. John Smith Lowe, preaching at the Church of the Redemption (Universalist) at Boylston and Ipswich streets, yesterday delivered a sermon on "The Lands We May Not Enter." He said:

For each one of us, there are lands we may not enter. The land of wealth, or economic independence, is one of them. The majority of us will struggle along to the last step in life's journey, trying to make both ends meet, and not always succeeding. The wolf is kept from the door by a narrow margin.

There is the land of health whose gates are forever closed against many people. Physical defects and deformities, ailments that do not kill, but which cannot be cured, hamper and torment them from the cradle to the grave. And yet, generally speaking, they face life with a smile.

Fame resulting from a conspicuously successful business or professional career, is another land that most of us will never enter. The desire to stand out, to win distinction! Who has not felt it? Our consciousness of lands we may not enter should not blind our eyes to the other lands we may enter because they belong to us and we belong to them.

There is one land that all may enter, and life at best will seem vain and empty if we fail to enter it. In this land all other lands meet in one. In it all worldly distinctions and differences are blotted out. Rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated, meet in it on a common level. It is the land of nobility and sweetness of character. In it you will find the fragrant flowers of love, simplicity, sincerity, unselfishness, kindness, and thoughtfulness of others. All roads that are worth travelling lead to it. Its gates are never closed.

Sunday. April 27

Mr. Lowe is one of the "Fraters" in the Universalist Ministers Retreat - held each year at the Wayside Inn.

Monday. April 28, 1930 Pleasant warm 77°

There is a sounds we do not like to hear and a sight we do not like to see - generally coming from the direction of the State House. It's the fire engine - the bright red ford fire truck which comes chugging down the roadway with bell ringing - telling us that there is a fire somewhere in the neighborhood. It's usually a brush fire and with the help of the Trade School boys can be quenched before it gets very far under way. To-day large clouds of smoke were seen over in back of the Inn - to the North - and looked fairly close by. On following it up however. it proved to be a fire over in the town of Maynard. Every bit of assistance was needed and our boys stayed for several hours helping out.

1630 1930

The People of Sudbury

are invited to attend an

OLD FASHIONED DANCING PARTY

to be held at

THE WAYSIDE INN

On Friday Evening, June the 27th

from 8.30 to 11.30 o'clock

This dance is to be a part of Sudbury's observance of the Tercentenary Celebration, and is made possible through the kindness and co-operation of Mr. Henry Ford, whose interest in Sudbury has long been recognized and appreciated.

As the capacity of the Inn is limited, only 300 guests can be accommodated, and no one under 18 years of age will be admitted.

Admission is without charge and by cards only, which may be obtained from the following committee.

Mrs. FRANK GERRY, Chairman, Sudbury.
Mrs. LEWIS COBURN, South Sudbury.
Mr. FRANK BOWKER, North Sudbury.

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Mrs. FRANK GERRY, Chairman, Sudbury.
Mrs. LEWIS COBURN, South Sudbury.
Mr. FRANK BOWKER, North Sudbury.

Tuesday. April 29. 1930.

Pleasant. warm 80°

SAP AND SAPS

By LOUISE KENT

The sap has run up into the maple trees, and in many New England farmhouses have been heard the first faint stirrings that mean that the wild geese and the antique-hounds are on their way north. Now is the time when old flax-wheels, wool-winders and candle-moulds are routed out from the attic and piled up in artless confusion in the shed. Rheumatic Boston rockers and slatback chairs with sagging seats—or, better still, with no seats at all—make their appearance on sunny porches. Glass sauce dishes, fully 25 years old, are carefully placed where the maximum amount of dust will dim their radiance. Hooked rugs, mellowed with the patina that only five years on the direct route between the barn and the kitchen sink can give, are shaken briskly to detach a few strands here and there. On the line, gay patchwork quilts are hung out to fade in the spring sunshine, and near them wobbly candlesticks support milk cans and wait patiently for rain and lactic acid to dull their varnish.

Before long visitors from the sophisticated neighborhoods will begin the annual exploration. They are all fired by the noble ambition of being the first to overreach the innocent natives. More than one will bear home in triumph a fly-specked Currier and Ives print of "The First Ride," "The Little Sweetheart" or "Morning Prayer" at practically no more than Charles Street prices. Others will be made happy by the purchase of early Sandwich (nee Woolworth) plates, or celery holders at barely 500 per cent. profit. There may even be an occasional cup plate in the loot—a genuine sample of those elegant little accessories on which hardy tillers of the soil used to set their cups while they cooled their tea in their saucers.

Perhaps there will be a muddy brown glass flask bearing the profile of the father of his country—store teeth and all—and, on the reverse, a squabby-looking version of the bird of freedom, a little nervous apparently in that equivocal position even in those unrepressed days. Then there is that red and white scent bottle that grandma brought from the World's Fair. Grandma was 97 years old when she died five years ago, and, as all antiques automatically adopt as their birthday that of the next to the last owner, the bottle is now, by the simplest sort of arithmetical calculation, 102 years old. Probably the World's Fair took place in 1793—but the new owner can work that all out with pencil and paper when he gets home.

It is obviously well worth while to plunge into mud holes and break a few springs in the process of acquiring treasures like these. How unnecessary to fret and fume about the tariff and unemployment while New England enterprise still produces antiques! Here is a native industry that has grown up without a shred of protection. Its customers still continue to be born at the rate of approximately one a minute. Not all the geese who fly north are wild.

One of our guests this evening said that when he was down in Mexico City he was seated near two ladies in a restaurant. The ladies were discussing the Coolidge Sap Bucket. They were not calling it a Sap Bucket, however. One lady said that it was a Milk Bucket and the other lady claimed she knew it to be a Vinegar Bucket! And so the argument continued. Was it a Milk Bucket or a Vinegar Bucket? Our guest said he didn't enlighten them on the subject. But smiled when he heard it was down in Mexico City. The Sap Bucket is evidently known far and wide and is an object of great interest here in the Bar room where it is supported in a brand new right iron bracket hanging over the Register desk.

JOHNSON GATEWAY, THE MAIN ENTRANCE INTO HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AND MASSACHUSETTS HALL, WHICH HAS BEEN USED AS A DORMITORY SINCE 1720

Wednesday April 30. 1930. Pleasant. warm 82°

Miss Staples who has charge, more or less, of the historical data concerning the Inn and who has gone into a lot of the old records of the town of Sudbury, keeps finding interesting items concerning various things in which we were interested. From the Records of the Town of Sudbury. Volume 1. she found this interesting piece of news — apropos of our first Mill — showing what a plentiful, important food product corn was considered in the old days.

Cambridge, this 10th of march $16\frac{78}{79}$

Received then of severall persons of the Town of Sudbury severall parcells of corne Amounting to (with the transportation from Sudbury to Cambridge) the full sume of what was there subscribed to Contribute to the new College building, for the Colledge. I say received by mee.

William Manning.

Thursday. May 1. 1930. Warm 97°

"The boys are not under rigid discipline. They want to work. I talked with some of the boys. They want to work and when you have instilled a desire in boys that age - to work - it is a wonderful thing." So said Mr. McGarry, a free lance writer who visited us to-day. Mr. McGarry is writing a book on Mr. Ford: Educator" He has visited Mr. Fords Trade Schools in Detroit and many other schools throughout the country and is much impressed with Mr. Fords ideas in education. He wanted to bring in the Inn as an Educational enterprise and so stayed here for dinner and looked through the house. He plans to come back in a few weeks time for more material. Recently, a few Sundays ago. the New York Times Magazine Section contained a very interesting article on the Trade School. Since then many of our guests have asked about it, have expressed a desire to see it and have shown much interest in it. Hardly a day goes by without some one mentioning the Times article. It was very well written and we are pretty proud of the fact that the school is officially called the Wayside Inn Trade School. It originated here; its work pivots around the Inn.

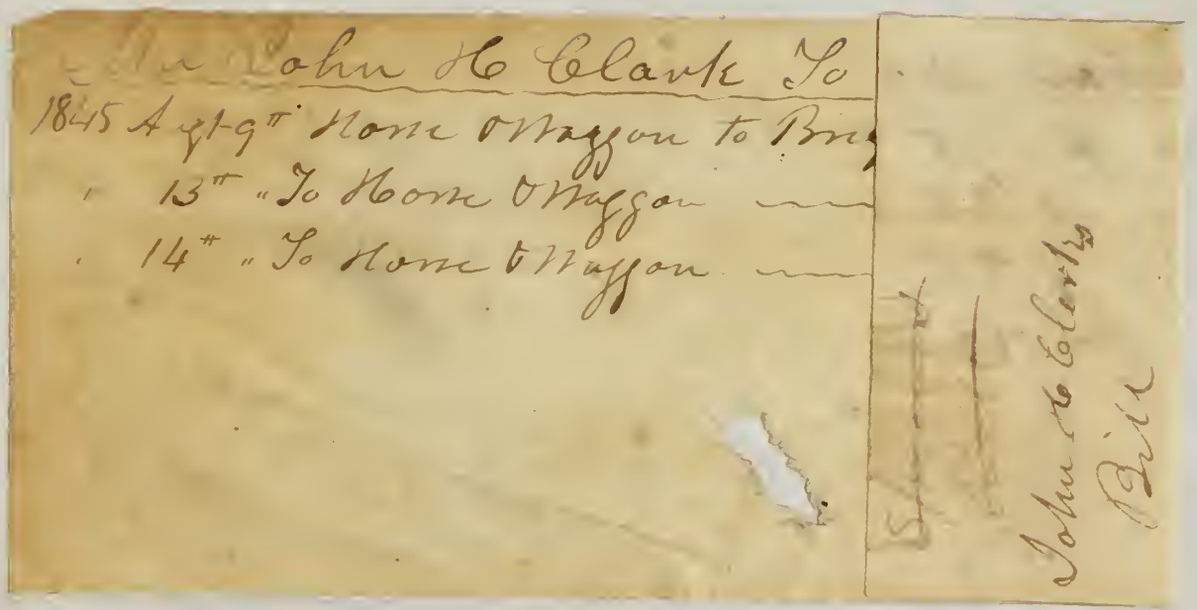
Two of the Trade School boys.

Friday, May 2. 1930 Pleasant. Warm 97°

Mr. Lee has moved down from the Green house - seed catalogues and all - and is now getting the Old-fashioned garden and the cut flower gardens underway. They are already pretty well along and the very warm sun of the last two days has brought forth many little blossoms. The old-fashioned garden looks so fresh with newly turned soil and now of course everything is growing low down - that is, near the ground so that one can easily see what is coming up. Hyacinths and tulips are in blossom - daffodils and violets. It's that gorgeous blue and yellow combination - patches of Johnnie Jump-ups can be seen here and there and for a background there are bright yellow Forsythia bushes in full bloom. Flowering cherry and currant bushes are also in bloom. Close to the brick wall - creeping close to the ground are blue star-like periwinkle and tiny blue blossoms of Robin run-away. Mr. Lee pointed out one or two new flowers. Corydalis - a very pretty flower - it is in yellow coloring - and also Adonis Vernalis - another new flower with beautiful lacy fern-like leaves.

Under Mr. Lee's arm he carried a box about the size of a shoe box and in this were some Montbretia bulbs - a flower something like a Gladiola. These had been sent to Mr. Lee by a gentleman who visited the garden one day last year and promised to send some of these bulbs when Spring came. They were carefully packed and enclosed were cultural directions for planting them. Evidently the gentleman had taken great pains and thought in sending them. Mr. Lee said that he had received a letter from a lady in South Bend Indiana. Sometime during the winter - asking him where she could purchase some Johnnie Jump-ups for her garden. The Wayside Inn garden is a pretty popular spot all through the summer months. Guests - whether particularly interested in gardens or not - find pleasure in walking through the old-fashioned garden and the view of the Inn - looking down the garden path - is charming.

The Store. May 2. 1930.



An old bill (1845) — found in ~~an~~ first old desk to be used in the Pomeroy store.

Saturday. May 3. 1930. Pleasant 73°

This afternoon the air all around the Inn was filled with smoke. Forest fires were close by and soon our fire engine was under way. The fire was in a westerly direction beyond the Grade School but it seemed very near and the smoky atmosphere and high wind was a constant reminder that the fire might be coming nearer. The Grade School boys in the meantime were playing their first inter-school baseball game of the season with the Whiting Hall School boys from Sudbury. But as soon as the game was over (our boys won 3-2) the boys too went to help in getting the fire under control. They were called again at supper time and didn't have a full meal until nine o'clock in the evening. It is not uncommon now to see a smoky haze in almost any direction.

Sunday. May 4. 1930

The fires of yesterday continued - coming dangerously near - The Newton woods were on fire - threatening the Redstone School - the Grade School - the Hostess Cottage and the Inn.

Monday. May 5. 1930. Pleasant. warm 98°

One of our guests to-day said that she was on her way to Bolton. Massachusetts to see the peach orchards in bloom. We thought of our own peach trees up on the side of Mt. Holyoke and decided to make a little excursion in that direction. It was a beautiful ride - just now when every tree and bush is filled with tiny green buds - giving a sort of green lacy effect to the whole landscape. But the peach trees and apple trees are not as yet in full bloom. There was just a faint pink and white tinge to the trees - a very delicate coloring. And then looking down - one could see the country side for miles around. The only thing to mar the picture was a slightly smoky atmosphere and here and there on the horizon. patches of smoky white places. Coming back down the narrow. dusty dirt roads we hoped for some rain to wet down the dust - to make the tiny buds greener and larger - and last but not least. to stop the many forest fires which are burning in all parts of Massachusetts.

Our good friend. Mr. Francis H. Sawyer from Clinton paid us a visit to-day and stayed for tea as our guest. Mr. Sawyer is always an interesting person to talk with because he does much research work on all historical subjects - has large scrap books filled with historical data and a large collection of news paper clippings. Just at present Mr. Sawyer is helping the town of Lancaster in their observance of the Tercentenary and Mr. Sawyer is always working in the interest of the Clinton Historical Society of which he is Curator. He brought with him to-day a news paper account of a "Mary" in England who claims to be the Mary in the famous poem connected with our Redstone school. Mr. Sawyer says that the poem was written several years before the English Mary was born!

The Mary's Lamb School
re-opened to-day (May 5)
after having had a weeks vacation.
Miss Hopkins has been spending
the vacation in Maine and has
sent us a picture of this charming
old door-way in Castine, Maine.

Tuesday. May 6. 1930. Pleasant warm. 97°

At noon time a short dark gentleman arrived and inquired if he might have lunch. When the young lady at the desk asked his name - he said very modestly Mr. Rockefeller John D. Rockefeller Jr. We had been expecting him. but hardly expected that he would arrive, unannounced, in such an unpretentious way! But he came alone and primarily to learn something of the management of the Inn - that he might incorporate some of the workings of this Inn into his own, recently acquired, Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, Virginia. He asked few questions directly on the management of this Inn however. But seemed tremendously interested in any information we voluntarily gave to him. He was particularly desirous to know of the furnishings - the various types - and the construction of the house - He said: "We can never make Raleigh Tavern look as old as this. No matter what one does to restore - to reproduce - he can never put into it the old atmosphere which only comes into a place after years of use." And then Mr. Rockefeller told us more about Williamsburg: how he has bought practically the whole town - all the houses and any modern houses out of keeping will be torn down: the old houses are to be kept. of course, fixed up and their owners, or former owners allowed to live in them as long as they care to. Some of the old houses will be furnished with antiques and used as exhibition houses. Raleigh Tavern was the most famous old Inn of the South at one time and is again to exist in true Southern style - negro servants. old time Southern food to be served and famous Southern hospitality will be found within. After having dinner as Mr. Ford's guest Mr. Rockefeller stayed an hour in looking through the house. He saw the overnight rooms on the third floor and looked into the modern kitchen in the basement. later Mr. Hatch took him about the outside - showing him the schools, the mill etc. Mr. Rockefeller was on his way to Maine so could not spare much time here. We hope he will come back again some day and stay a longer time.

Wednesday. May 7. 1930. Warm. 99°

It is surprising the amount of construction work being done on various parts of the property all the time. Steam shovels and tractors and the like are all in operation at the Wayside Inn and yet we never hear a sound of them inside the house. The Inn itself remains

"In a region of repose it seems
A place of slumber and of dreams."

While buildings are erected sometimes before us, who are in the house, know it and oftentimes houses and barns disappear before we are aware that they have been torn down. We remember the little

garage that Mr. Lemon built across the old main road. It was standing as usual on a certain morning last Spring and before night, not a trace of it could be seen!

To-day we discovered a new-old barn being put up over in back of the old Parmenter house. Its an old barn which was brought from Southboro. and is to be rebuilt with as much of the old timber as is desirable to use. And speaking of construction work- a ditch is being dug along the roadway in front of the Inn and pipes laid which will bring gas into the houses in this vicinity. We expect to have it here. here at the Inn.

The orchards
this year 1930.

Thursday. May 8. 1930

Showers. cooler 74°

The Store
April 25. 1930.

April 26
1930.

Most of the paint is on the old Parmenter store and it is beginning to look quite like the country stores we have read about but seldom see. There are country stores in existance. to be sure. but they are likely to be in a run-down condition or painted a bright red with the sign of a very modern chain store over the front entrance. A new country store - all painted up freshly, as in the old days. is a rare sight now-a-days. It stands back a little from the main road. giving plenty of parking space for the vehicles of its patrons. We like to see the wood vehicle - it looks picturesque and old fashioned. but likely the vehicles to-day will all be modern automobiles. The Democrat wagon. "one hoss" chaise and bicycles are the kind of vehicles we should like to see parked in front of the old store!

We write a short time ago about the old Mission House in Stockbridge - soon to be opened to the public by Miss Mabel Choate.

Friday. May 9. 1930. Cool pleasant

Our guests have an appreciation and love of the Inn that we are not aware of sometimes. A lady said to-day that she and her husband were very fond of the place: that they came often to see it – "But" she said, "once my husband came on a Sunday when the Inn was free of people. He overheard one of the guests say that she didn't like old things – didn't know why any one would ~~want~~ want them around." The gentleman took that remark very seriously, almost as a personal injury and immediately went out of the house. He was much perturbed and waited for his wife over in his car across the street. The gentleman, is of course, a lover of all old things and has a genuine reverence for them. This appreciation of the Inn is sincere and true.

Saturday. May 10. 1930. Sunny. cooler 73°

Mrs. Beech. one of our overnight guests who stayed here last night, nearly fainted away at the dinner table. Her daughter Mrs. J. K. Van Wagoner said: "I saw mother turn white and couldn't imagine what was the trouble!" It seems that as Mrs. Beech finished her cup of soup – she noticed a very familiar picture on the bottom of the cup. So familiar that it gave her a real shock. It was a picture of the Catskill Mountain House on our reproduction pink Staffordshire china. The pattern happens to have been executed by E. Wood and Son in England years and years ago for the owner of the Catskill Mountain House – and Mrs. Van Wagoner's great grand father! That is. Mrs. Van Wagoner's great grandfather, Amasatus Beech. built the Catskill Mountain House in 1823 – and ever since that time the house has been in possession of the Beech family. Mrs. Van Wagoner. formerly a Miss Beech. is the present owner. She told us that her father – some years ago – sent to the same firm, E. Wood and Son, for reproductions of the original china for the purpose of selling as souvenirs in a gift shop at the hotel. The hotel is located a short distance outside the town of Catskill. New York

Ford to Open Old-Fashioned General Store on Post Road in Marlboro

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

MARLBORO, May 21—A gasoline filling station of the newest design and a general store, dating back to the great grandparents of the present generation, will be opened about June 15 on the Boston post road, near the Sudbury line, by Henry Ford.

Mr. Ford recently bought Bill Parmenter's old general store, which was formerly located in Sudbury Centre, and had it moved to this city, to a point a short way from Wayside Inn, where it overlooks Hager's pond.

The front of this store will bear the look and smell of today, with a brightly painted set of up-to-date gasoline tanks and possibly several uniformed assistants, but the rear will be an echo of yesterday. Some old-fashioned New England storekeeper, whom Mr. Ford will search out while he is shopping for other antiques, will be keeping books according to the old-fashioned methods, and he will sell everything from plowshares to crackers.

Everything will be there as of old, he pot-bellied stove, the high stool nd desk for the bookkeeper, the box of sawdust and the barrel of smoked herring. Among the commodities to be sold will be the products of a grist mill which is now operating near the Wayside Inn, where it was set up under Mr. Ford's direction.

Mr. Ford has applied for a permit for the filling station to the board of aldermen, and a hearing is scheduled for June 2.

May 10. 1930.

The Lilacs of May

Speaking of lilacs, of course Bostonians think first of the Arnold Arboretum, whose annual display of variously colored lilacs is one of the splendors of that wonderful garden of trees, shrubs and flowers. Yet one has not to visit the Arboretum to appreciate the scope of lilacdom, for those bushes are in bloom everywhere around us, even to some extent within our city. All along country and suburban roads we see them, lining and glorifying stone walls, clustering around porches, and lending their purple or white glory to homestead, field and upland. In cemeteries, too, they are quite rife and somehow they seem peculiarly appropriate there.

For the lilac is in timely harmony with the spirit of elegiac May. Of late years, indeed, it seems more so than in former decades. Is it, perchance, because the date of its blossoming approximates to that of the sinking of the Lusitania, back in 1915? And is it for similar reasons that the rich scent of lilacs is so depressing to some people? Purple is a mourning color, and so is white, for children, but there seems to be something more, something more elusive in whatever association of ideas has rendercd the lilac a more solemn flower than it was deemed of yore.

And that something must be an intrinsic attribute, in the main. Common but never commonplace are the lilac's royal purple, its augustly tossing heads, its penetrating, yearning fragrance. Like May herself, it seems deeply commemorative, harking back even to scenes and ages of long ago and whispering of those who lived and passed in that lang syne. But it is futile to try to analyze such things—we sense them, according to our individual susceptibilities. And meantime, each year the lilac continues to breathe out its soul in fragrance like that of a crushed heart, and to challenge our vision with its glory of form and color. The mission of beauty is so broad that one hates to classify beauly's countless opponents, yet that the lilao fulfills a special mission in landscape life and in its revelations to the human heart is perpetually true. And just now is the rich prime of its ministrations.

Boston Transcript
Saturday May 17. 1930

Can you see our lilac Hedge in the picture below - in back of the Garden Gate?

Picture taken
May 10. 1930.

Sunday. May 11. 1930.

Preparing Sunday dinner at the Trade School - This picture shows Mr. Varrichione, Nicky, one of the little boys and Geog Hill. To-day "Mothers day". The boys invited as Sunday dinner guests - Miss Elliott, one of the hostesses and Mrs. Elliott, her mother, who came over from Framingham

Monday. May 12. 1930. Pleasant 74°

All the hostesses have been watching with much interest, four large blue eggs which have been carefully reposing in a nest built way up high in the lilac bush outside the Bar-room window. If you go upstairs and look out a window in the Edison room - you can see right down inside the nest and see the eggs - unless the mother robin happens to be brooding over them. And the nest is built so beautifully - so prinky and painstakingly - and in such a picturesque place! The mother robin is a real artist. Saturday when the lilac bushes and blossoms were at their height - there sat Mrs. Robin with all the fragrance of the lavender lilacs - surrounding her. Never was there a lovlier picture - And to-day - two tiny scrawny funny looking little babies were peeping and cuddling together inside the two remaining eggs. Mrs. Robin hovers around - bringing in a worm now and then. We are watching our new little Wayside Inn family with much interest and delight.

More of our Wayside Inn bird family.

Tuesday. May 13, 1930. Showers 83°

A group of dark haired, dark eyed, dark skinned girls, dressed in bright colors of red and purple and yellow, were going out the front door. They were young ladies from the Americanization Dept of the Newton Schools - a trip planned and transportation provided by a local D.A.R. chapter. A guest in the house at the time, turned to one of the hostesses and said: "Would you think that a group like that, would be interested in a place like this?" Interested! They are our most interested visitors. Their dark eyes sparkle and shine when we tell them of the things here that typify early American life - They do not say much, they do not use superfluous adjectives or make enthusiastic exclamations, but they show a genuine interest. Old traditions, old associations and ways of living mean more to them perhaps than to our own American people. Their backgrounds have not changed as much as ours in a short space of time. They still respect and use old time customs: have a certain reverence for the life and thought of their forefathers. Sometimes we have the twinkle of light blue eyes to greet us and blond hair - from Norwegian people and students from Sweden - Speaking of the Inn as being Educational - is it this one of the most important Educational services it is rendering? Americanization classes for the foreign-born - The Inn is an Americanization school for everyone - foreign born <u>and</u> <u>American</u> born!

Let us glance at some of the names of those who came in the group, yesterday May 12 - from our Special Group Register Book -

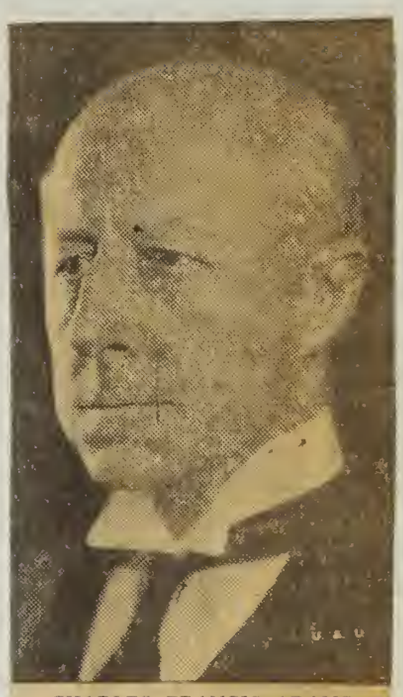
Antonineta Paglia
Mary Della Rocco
Grace Caruso
Alice Bodozian
Esther Jalonen
Paulina Binagin

Wednesday. May 14. 1930. Cloudy 58°

1930 Wayside Inn Lilacs certainly deserve a word of praise. They are gorgeous with large full blossoms and fresh green leaves. There is a freshness to them this year - perhaps because a little ahead of their usual time. Evidently the season has been ideal for them. Near the front door of the Inn are some white blossoms growing on a tall old bush - and out in the garden - backed against the brick wall is a whole hedge of lavender - lavender lilacs and their fragrance! Somehow one always connects the lilac odor with lavender lilacs! Other colors are as beautiful to look at - Down in front of the old Hayes place is a low bush with deep purple blossoms - quite unusual and attracting much attention from passers-by. As one rides over the narrow dirt roads near the Inn. he is apt to see great large tall bushes of lilacs growing close to the road side. And there are several bushes to be found around the old Parmenter House. At the Walker House there are one or two lavender bushes and some gorgeous white ones in the Perry place garden.

Thursday, May 15, 1930. Rain all day. 48°

It seemed like a dismal, cloudy day until Dr. Van Schoick arrived. He is so full of life - of animation - of character. His eyes are intent - they study you - they look right "through" you. There is a serious mien of purpose in his face - and yet it is kindly and understanding. He loves the sea with heart and soul. Dr. Van Schoick is one of the "fathers" and editor of the Universalist publication, the Christian Leader. To-night Dr. Van Schoick, with ten other ministers of various denominations, was here for dinner and enjoyed an evening sitting about the fireplace discussing many things - things of a religious nature.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Secretary of the navy

Another face - full of character.

Friday, May 16, 1930 Unsettled. 70°

A typical conversation to-day would start in this way. "Are you coming to the dance to-night?" Yes, practically every body came. The Trade School boys and their young ladies, hostesses, waitresses, Trade School instructors, Mr. & Mrs. Boyer, their friends and families. It was a good old-fashioned dance party. A nice evening as far as the weather was concerned. nice dresses as far as the ladies were concerned, impeccable manners as far as the swains were concerned. nice punch to drink and a very nice time as far as all were concerned! A feature of the evening was in the introduction to the group of our two new hostesses, Miss Monahan and Miss Dickerson.

Saturday May 17. 1930. Breezy. pleasant 70°

Five registered Devon cattle were added to Wayside Inn stock to-day. These were two heifers, two cows and one yearling Bull - brought from England and especially purchased there for the Wayside Inn. They arrived in this country about a month ago. but have since been in Quarantine at a Quarantine Station in Littleton. Mass. Mr. Pillsbury, in charge of the cattle barn. went over to Littleton to-day and brought them here. The bull is Wynford David". The cows Carnation VIII
" Winford Loop II
" Cowslip VII
" Winford Dolly III.

We already have one bull (3 yr). nine heifers. 4 calves and twelve cows on the farm. all Devon stock and all registered in the American Devon Cattle club. Each has a pedigree all jotted down and shown on a chart and each a name. Some of the ones born here have "Wayside" attached to their names - such as Wayside Dorothy and "Wayside Rose - They are housed in the barn over in back of the Farm Office and a spic-span clean barn it is. The floor is cement. the walls whitewashed and the stanchions of the latest improved modern type. In the farm office hanging on the wall are many ribbons won by Wayside Inn cattle at various shows and fairs. There are blue and red and white and pink ribbons. but blue predominate - more blue. first prizes than any other.

A list of livestock on Wayside Inn farm - May 1. 1930.

Oxen 2
Bull (3 yr) 1
Heifers 9
Calves 4
Cows 12

Sheep
Lambs 33
Yearlings 17
Ewes 21
Wethers 6

Goats
Females 22
Kids 20

Horses
Lawson barn 3
Inn barn 4
Pony 1

Poultry
Roosters 0
Hens 159
Chickens 701

Hogs
Boars 1
Sows 10
Gilts 0
Pigs 14

Monday. May 19. 1930 Unsettled. 52°

Four hundred and thirty-six (436) school children have visited the Inn since the first of May (1930). And more - for this number is taken from our Group Register Book which records only students who come in groups.

Sometimes they are noisy groups - laughing and shouting and running around the front yard - Mae often however. they are quiet and orderly and always they are enthusiastic, eager. Curious. As soon as they have arrived in the Bar-room, a hostess starts talking - telling them some things about the house. They become interested. attentive and forget themselves in their desire to hear about every detail concerning the furnishings and history of the Inn. It is a joy to the hostess to see these bright young eyes and minds absorbing and unconsciously learning - unconsciously - yes - because they have come on a pleasure visit - supposedly forgetting books and schools and lessons.

It would have been a delight to most anyone to have seen the eighty-four young ladies who came to the Inn this morning from the Rhode Island College of Education in Providence. Had a teacher in any recognized school of learning been present, he would have agreed that pupils do not need to sit down at a desk with book and paper and pencil - in order to learn - To learn something of history - of literature - of art. for some of the pupils this morning were sitting down on the floor! Eighty four people in the parlor meant that there were at least two in every chair - six or six on the sofa - some standing and others actually sitting on the floor around the fireplace. But they were not thinking of their discomfort - they were listening - you could have heard a pin drop - to what was being said about the Howe family - pioneers and builders in early New England - about Longfellow - his thought of the Inn in a poetic way - about a desk - made soon after the Revolutionary War - its beauty of design - the workmanship.

The director or principal of this college evidently does appreciate the Educational value of the Inn - to-days trip being the fourth annual visit made to the Inn by pupils from this Rhode Island College.

Tuesday. May 20. 1930. Rain 54°

The Brewster type chair in the Bar-room - large and heavy in appearance with three slats in the back and rush seat - has recently been taken away to be re-seated - and in its place has come an interesting old Comb-back Windsor chair. Some unappreciative person at some time evidently painted the chair green - perhaps to use on a summer porch - It is a soft green however - and mellowed with age. While the chair is rather graceful in line - as most comb-backs - its legs are unusually short and the seat low-down - not particularly comfortable to sit in. But the chair has an interesting History. We wondered about it - where it came from - where it had been used etc - until one day when Mrs. Boyer came in - he happened to turn the chair upside down and there on the bottom of the seat underneath - was a very yellowish old paper - and on it some faded old writing which said:

"This chair belonged to Anthony Morris who was 2nd Mayor of Phila Pa who lived in the Morris mansion now on S. Front St., Phil This antique relic got into the possession of Susannah Longstreth of Darby Pa and was given by her to my mother Lydia Cooke Middleton of Monticello Chestnut Hill Phil Pa in 1855 or so - it was then 125 years old

D. C. Middleton"

An interesting old Comb-back Windsor chair with writing arm -

Wednesday. May 21. 1930. Pleasant 68°

Attracting much attention in front of the Inn is the English Hawthorne tree just now covered with deep pink blossoms. Guests speak of having seen a white hawthorne tree, but never a pink one. Many guests do not know what it is and the hostess near the front door is busy answering: "English Hawthorne". It is beautiful; each tiny blossom resembles a little rose in itself and clusters of ten or twelve of these just fill the tree. There is comparatively little greenery - small green leaves - but the green grass of the lawns and the near by shrubbery set the tree off. It is a tree that gives the impression of being old - quaint - and blending well into the picture. A guest told us that he had a similar tree - a little bit larger - and that he knew it to be about forty-five years old.

Thursday. May 22. 1930. Pleasant 72°

This seems to be a week of groups. Most any time you look out the window you are apt to see a group of school children - or adults - approaching. An interesting fact is that a good share of these groups are from schools that have visited us before. Sometimes the same school has been represented here two or three years - sometimes four. The teachers find a good response and reaction from their pupils after visiting the Inn. They appreciate its educational value and the pupils themselves, while increasing their knowledge, seem to enjoy themselves - have a good time and want to come again. A teacher said the other day: "I will be anxious to know how many of these children will come back to visit the Inn individually - how many will want to bring their parents here." It has now become an annual visit for many of these schools - an educational pleasure looked forward to and talked about through the whole year.

A partial list of groups that come annually to see the Inn -

All these mentioned, have been here this week.

Hardwick, Massachusetts (Intermediate schools)
Worcester " (Mr. Fisher's groups of children)
Boston " (The Prince School of Store Service Education)
Worcester " (Becker College of Business Administration)
Providence, Rhode Island (Rhode Island College of Education)

Friday, May 23, 1930. Pleasant - 80°

A very thin, scrawny looking dog - white with brown spots and long ears - lay on the mat outside the front door - Guests came in and went out - but still the dog lay there - settled down for the afternoon - and apparently feeling very much at home - It reminded us of a story we have heard about two thin scrawny dogs who used to make their home here at the Inn years ago. We have always pictured the dogs as the same type of breed as the one this afternoon. It was in the time of Lyman Howe, when he was Land Lord - and a housekeeper had charge of the culinary department. The housekeeper evidently did not love much look on the dogs "Pete" and "old Pete," as they were called, and they were undoubtedly underfed - It so happened that "the Theologian", Professor Dan Readwell used to be a frequent visitor to the Inn in the summer time and taking pity on the dogs would sometimes take a bun from off the dinner table and speed it to the dogs in a secluded spot out behind the barn. He may have taken more than one bun - Any way, Lyman and the housekeeper thought the Professor had an unusual appetite for buns! When ever the Professor arrived and there were no buns in the house - great apologies were made. If the dogs were as thin as the one today, we certainly do not blame the professor!

This evening the Trade School boys assisted by Miss Allen - teacher in the Redstone School, Miss Bailey one of our waitresses and Mr. Varnadore, instructor, presented a three-act play in the large Ball-room. It was a "howling" success judging from the loud applause and laughter. A good audience composed of employees and friends and families attended, and all seem to have enjoyed it very much. Even little Dorothy Jane Boyer was most enthusiastic and kept repeating: "Hymie was so funny" - Hymie being one of the boys taking part.

FORD TRADE SCHOOL BOYS PRESENT COMEDY

Their First Amateur Theatrical Attempt Was Fine Success In "All Night Long" Given In New Ball Room

Marlboro—The boys of the Ford Trade School appeared in their first amateur theatricals last night when they presented a three act comedy enitled "All Night Long" before a large number of invited guests who assembled in the new ballroom of the Wayside Inn.

The youthful thespians appeared much at ease on the stage and showed the careful training of their coach, Roger P Bristol, an instructor at the school, who had personal supervision of the entire play.

Miss Marion Allen of this city, teacher in the Mary Lamb school adjoining the Wayside Inn, took one of the leading parts. Miss Alice Bailey, employed at the Inn, and Louis Varrichione, physical director, assisted these students: Leon Gooch, William Bridges. Charles Barkhous, William Graham, Hyman Seligman, John Lindbergh.

A new stage erected last week for the occasion was used for the first time and will be retained as a permanent fixture for future events. The setting, wiring, etc., was done entirely by the boys u. der the direction of their instructors.

The Trade school orchestra making its initial appearance received the hearty approval of the guests. The group was formed since the advent of the New Year and under the direction of Principal Laverne Bushnell, who is a talented musician, has made remarkable progress. Practically all of the boys had their first instruction on the instrument, last Fall. The personnel includes: Cornets, Arthur Logue, George Johnson; violins, Louis Seligman, Earl Stoddard, Michael Bolesky Hyman Seligman, banjo Francis Calvert; drum, Clarence Haskell; piano, Joseph Ochedowski.

Assisting in stage properties were James Nash and Ralph Delagrieco. Ushers included Clifford Moffett, Charles Webber, Nicholas Grovinetti, John Milanskas, while Thomas Margeller was in charge of the tickets.

Superintendent E J Boyer who was present at the performance stated that he was much pleased with the work done by the boys.

From Marlboro Enterprise
Saturday. May 24. 1930.

Saturday. May 24, 1930. Pleasant 68°

We may have called this "a week of groups," but today was certainly a "day of groups." Early in the morning Mr. Fisher arrived with 31 pupils from the Adams Square School in Worcester. Later on, a group of 13 Girl Scouts from Troop 8 in Newton came to see the horse! Twelve students came from the State Normal School at Westfield, Mass. and 20 pupils from the Manchester New Hamp. High School. About seven-thirty in the evening, a bus drew up with 35 small boys from the Rectory School in Pomfret Connecticut. The latter group had been to see the State House, Bunker Hill Monument, Concord and Lexington and as a final ending to the days trip, stopped here at the Wayside Inn. A Historical or Hysterical tour - which?

Monday. May 26, 1930. Cloudy, showers 52°

A Visual Education, thats what it is. This question of the Wayside Inn being an educational medium. But after all, there is'nt any question about it. The Wayside Inn is educational and is teaching by a visual method. That is, the pupils or guests learn by seeing - by seeing the tangible things that have been important factors in the social and economic life of early America. The tiny panes of glass in the windows of the Inn recall the heavy taxation enforced by the mother country on large pieces of glass. Heavy taxation - one of the chief causes of the Revolutionary War. Pipe tongs and a pipe box - both speak of comfort and warmth, as our forefathers sat around the fire-place. You think it stupid, uninteresting? No - it was a pleasure, an enjoyment, a satisfaction, to sit quietly and peacefully at home with ones family and friends gathered round. The Corn Sheller - a hollowed out tree trunk, with holes in the bottom for the kernels to drop through and a pestle to pound the corn - Hard, manual labor - a little easier than shelling by hand and one step towards something better - an advancement. There are countless lessons to learn by this Visual Education.

At the Wayside Inn

Quite different is her other garden setting, the old-fashioned brick walled garden of the Wayside Inn. Acquiring this property first merely as an act of preservation, it has gradually become the inspiration for Mr. Ford's interest in keeping for succeeding generations, examples of living conditions and habits of days which were rapidly being erased forever from fleeting memories. There is little left of the garden form and planting from the days when ladies from the stage coach floated down the walks to get a breath of air between relays, for the garden was radically made over in 1900 along English lines, and the bust of Longfellow placed at the end of the long walk as a tribute to a famous man connected with the spot.

However, there are still some remnants of earlier days which have been kept intact: the lilacs forming delightful screens and rows of fragrant flowers, date from the inn's earliest days, and the box is not a recent parvenue. Over this box there is a constant debate between the gardener and the owner: the former longs to get at it with pruning shears and Mrs. Ford will not allow it to be touched! There are orange day lilies, and old apple trees, and the bits of statuary against green curtains seem to fit in with the whole picture. Back of the walled garden are the cutting beds full of annuals and perennials to be used in the decoration of the house, and the willow edged pool with background of mingling greens could easily have been a subject for a Corot landscape.

In the yard before the entrance door is the old pump of the same model, if not the identical one, thirsty travelers might have used, and the little garden ell nestles behind the old oaks. While Mr. Ford superintends his mill and his school and admires his fat oxen and their work, Mrs. Ford wanders up and down her garden paths with a sense of contentment at the beauty and hospitality given forth by the old setting.

Farming Interests

Another unit is to be added this summer to the growing Wayside Inn village. Already the school supplements the inn, the mill grinds out its meal, the barns hold the old stage coaches and now a store is to be opened in its turn. This project is all in line with the interests of Mrs. Ford, for realizing that farms and gardens are stirring adjuncts to the present day needs of body and spirit, two years ago she rearranged her busy life to accept the presidency of the Women's National Farm and Garden association, the organization which stands for strengthening the relations of the farm women to her city friends.

Roadside marketing is one of the branches of the work in which Mrs. Ford is especially interested, and this old store which has been moved from West Sudbury, is going to afford a chance for Mr. and Mrs. Ford to work out some of their ideas on the subject of direct marketing in connection with Mrs. Ford's "Farm and Garden" interests. Details have not yet been settled, but however they materialize they will be practically efficient, and a visible expression of the best along this line of work.

THE GARDEN HOUSE OF THE WAYSIDE INN.

THE OLD PUMP.

THE LONG WALK IN THE WAYSIDE INN GARDEN.

From an article in the Worcester Sunday Telegram Sunday May 25. 1930, on Garden Magic in Mrs. Henry Ford's Floral Acres.

THE STATUE BY THE APPLE TREE.

Tuesday. May 27. 1930. Rain 52°

One of the In departments which does a good piece of work and yet is comparatively little known - at least to those of us who work at the In proper - is the Farm Office. This office is located in a red house over in back of Mr. Boyer's house and here are two large desks, a safe, an adding machine, telephone; in fact all the equipment of a modern office with Mr. Gallagher in charge. Mr. Gallagher hires all construction help on the place - keeps the "time" cards and daily reports of work done. A foreman puts in a Requisition. Mr. Boyer OK's it - Mr. Hatch writes a purchase order and does the ordering. Then the Purchase Order is sent to Mr. Gallagher. The goods arrive - usually at the Farm Office where there are store rooms. A Receiving slip is made out by the foreman and sent to Mr. Gallagher. Then when the bills come in, Mr. Gallagher prepares them for payment. Mr. Gallagher keeps a livestock and live stock report and also arranges the Trade School pay roll and time distribution. As Mr. Gallagher says - he has a finger in almost every pie. It doesn't take long to tell about the work going on in the Farm Office, but spend a day there and you would find it to be a pretty busy place.

Wednesday, May 28, 1930 Pleasant 65°

KING PHILIP'S WAR CLUB

No warwhoops will be heard—only the tooting of automobile horns and the occasional yells of a few boys stranded at the academy over a long week-end—when the war club of King Philip of the Wampanoags goes on exhibition today in the archaeological museum at Andover. The maple weapon, inlaid with shells, which Prof. Moorehead acquired from Maine, presumably did belong to the famous Indian warrior, since the documents and Prof. Moorehead say it did, and we know of no more reliable authority than he on Indian lore and relics. But while every one of high school age or older has heard of the man who wielded the club, few persons know any more about him than that he had a war named after him.

Due largely to the friendly attitude of Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, who greeted the Pilgrims on their arrival at Plymouth, and to the wholesome missionary work of John Eliot, the early settlers got along fairly well with the original Americans. The latter, to be sure, usually received the bad end of any bargain in land, but they were easily satisfied with small rewards and favors, and there were enough conscientious leaders among the English to prevent the colonists from exploiting the Indians beyond reason. Frequently the English bought and paid for the land they desired in good money. They obtained the fertile acres of Musketaquid in this way in 1635 and because of the peaceable transaction called their settlement Concord. But more often a credulous sachem wrote his mark on a piece of paper, little realizing that for a small recompense, he was deeding away immense tracts of his family's dominions.

Even the Christianizing and educational work which the Apostle Eliot and his followers carried on in the period from 1646 to 1675 failed to bridge permanently the gap between the whites and redskins. In fact, in one respect it made matters worse, for it created a group of three or four thousand "praying Indians" who were not trusted entirely by the English and were looked on with suspicion by their heathen brethren. But for about 40 years, following the extermination of the Pequods in 1636, the settlers and the Indians managed to maintain an armed neutrality.

More and more the Indians came to understand, however, that they were being slowly forced into a condition of inferiority, and that despite all assurances to the contrary they would eventually have to give up all their lands and their tribal laws and customs, and assume a dependent position under the government of the invaders. This feeling resulted in overt action during the years after the amicable Massasoit's death in 1661 when his oldest son, called Alexander, died suddenly under rather mysterious circumstances, and the Indians believed that the English had poisoned him. The leadership of the Wampanoags then descended into the hands of the younger son, Pometacom, called Philip, a brilliant, valiant warrior, who soon openly defied the English. Efforts were made to conciliate him, but they failed, and in June, 1675, his braves attacked the settlement at Swanzey.

From then on no white village in New England, except on the seacoast, was safe. During the summer and autumn the Indians attacked, and frequently burned and destroyed, the settlements of Brookfield and Lancaster in central Massachusetts, and Deerfield, Northfield, Hadley and Hatfield in the Connecticut valley. In December the combined forces of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut made a determined onslaught on the Indian stronghold near what is now South Kingston, R. I., but Philip, if he was there, escaped.

In the spring the war was renewed, and towns as near Boston as Groton and Medfield felt the arrows and firebrands of the Indians. But in August the settlers, having learned to fight Indians with Indian methods, set a trap for King Philip in his fortress at Mt. Hope. Encircling his fortress, they waited for the Indians to try to escape. Finally Philip, "without any more clothes than his small breeches and stockings," dashed out and fell before the English musket fire. His body was quartered and his head sent to Plymouth. The Rev. Cotton Mather observed: "God sent them in the head of a Leviathan for a thanksgiving feast."

The war continued spasmodically for a few years, but the Indians had lost with Philip's death. From then on the English had no trouble except with the braves who came down from Canada during the wars with the French in the 18th century.

The most important fight in King Philip's War took place in Sudbury—known as the Wadsworth fight. Mr. Eliot the minister, says in the church records that "no town for bigness lost so many." The Englishmen were led by Captain Wadsworth. Captain Wadsworth was a son of Christopher Wadsworth who settled in Duxbury in 1632 and was the founder of the Wadsworth family in America. Peleg Wadsworth, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's grandfather was fifth in direct descent from Christopher. Thus it was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's sixth great grandfather on his mother's side who fought here at Sudbury and finally after much hard fighting, compelled the Indian forces to retreat.

ALL NIGHT LONG

Presented By
The Trade School

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In order of appearances

Mrs. Smith ---- Marion Allen

Mr. Smith - - - - Leon Gooch

Ted Blake - William Bridges

Alix Vanderventer - - Alice Bailey

Mr. Monroe - - - Charles Barkhous

officer - - - William Graham

Mr. Woffingford - - Hyman Seligman

Mrs. Monroe - - Louis Varrichione

Mr. Vanderventer - - John Lindbergh

ORDER OF PROGRAMME

1. Orchestral Selection by the Trade School orchestra entitled, The opening Game.
2. ACT I
   Sitting room in the Smith home about 10 P.M.
3. Medley waltz by the orchestra.
4. ACT II
   The same scene one hour later.
5. Wooden Shoes by the orchestra.
6. ACT III
   The same scene toward midnight.
7. The final selection by the orchestra is the march Little Corporal.

Produced by special arrangement with the Walter H. Baker Co. of Boston and is under the personal direction of
Roger P. Bristol.

(At right) THE LONG "CHURCH-WARDEN" PIPE imparted an agreeable mildness and flavor to the tobacco smoked therein and, somehow, had the property of stimulating the mental faculties of the smoker. Discussion in the tap-room of the old Wayside Inn—where this photograph was taken—had a habit of turning toward weighty matters and the affairs of the nation were often threshed out under such favorable conditions.

(By courtesy of The Jordan Marsh Co.)

From the Picture Section —

Boston Herald

Sunday. June 1. 1930.

A near neighbor - is the Fairbanks house in Dedham. It is said to be the oldest frame house in America - built about 1636. Mr. & Mrs. Fairbanks the present keepers areal direct descendants of the original owners - are neighborly people - coming over to see one once in a while in the winter time when their house is closed to the public - friendly and interested.

THE FAIRBANKS CENTENARY

The Fairbanks family have held many celebrations; the Fairbanks scale now is to be honored upon the centenary of its invention at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Jonathan Fairbanks came from England and settled at Dedham in 1633; it was his brother John who built there the famous old house that bears the family name. Fifth in descent from the American founders of the family, Erastus and Thaddeus Fairbanks established themselves at St. Johnsbury in 1824 and began the manufacture of cast-iron plows and stove castings. In 1831 they began to give their entire attention to the making of the platform scale invented by Thaddeus. Erastus remained the head of the firm until his death. Joseph, another brother, joined them in 1834, and took charge of the introduction of the scales to the general public.

The anniversary will be observed on three days in early July. A century ago everything was weighed by the use of the unwieldy steelyard. Thaddeus, already an inventor of note, after months of toil completed a platform-weighing machine, the platform level with the ground and connected with the steelyard by a system of levers. The old cumbersome method requiring a gallows frame and long levers was soon superseded. Thaddeus started for Washington on horseback to file his patent. The Fairbanks family have rendered much service to the state of Vermont, filling many positions of trust from the governorship down, and the enterprise which started a hundred years ago on an investment of $4000 now has a business in the millions.

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Thursday. May 29. 1930 Unsettled 65°

A most interesting account of a Miniature Wayside Inn has come to us recently from a newspaper printed in High Point. North Carolina. Children of the fifth grade under the direction of their teacher. Mrs. Dan R. Schroder. have made an exact reproduction of the Inn on a scale of one inch to the foot. Mrs. Schroder says that the children built it as it looked when Longfellow first saw it - with out dormer windows and covred front porch. And on reading the account of the house we find that the children constructed and furnished it surprisingly correct in every detail. Even the furnishings are almost exactly the same and one boy made a miniature stage coach - supposedly just arriving at the front door. The paint on the outside has been carefully reproduced.

The whole project was done in connection with the study of the colonization of America and since the latter part of January, all class work has centered around the Wayside Inn.

The school at High Point is a Southern Mountain School in which President and Mrs. Hoover are interested.

President Hoover.

Friday
May 30. 1930.

Partly cloudy 58°

Holidays

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full soul of feeling runs flows:
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness
start
As flames from ashes; swift desires
that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind
that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail
White as a cloud that floats and fades
in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are: — a fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not
where.
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

H. W. Longfellow.

Memorial day holiday and the house buzzing with people all day long; particularly in the afternoon when large groups of men women and children gathered to hear the story of the house. There were many children of all ages - some babies in arms - others clinging tightly to a grown-up's hand and others were on the front row listening earnestly to the hostess. Sometimes the children were more interested and attentive than their elders - We question the appreciation and understanding of the house. By the majority of our guests on a holiday. They are still workers. clerks in stores - factory help - not that those are meagre occupations - but our holiday visitors do not seem to fully grasp the meaning and purpose of the house. We are glad to have them come, for out of each group there is likely one person, at least, who has taken away a greater interest and respect for the place. If so. then the hostess has not told the story in vain.

Saturday. May 31. 1930. Breezy 62°

Did you ever hear of a General Country Store without a "Hall" up over head? Bill Parmenter's old store which is soon to be, "The Wayside Inn General Store." has at present a good large hall up over head. So very good that it spoke out loud of old fashioned dances and country lads and lassies, tripping the light fantastic. Trade School boys. Hostesses and other employees probably would not want to be called country lads and lassies, but they were all there to-night in the hall of the old store tripping their toes to the time of a Quadrille, Sicilian Circle, Heel and Toe Polka etc. And such Hoop Skirts and Bustles and Bonnets and things! They were all there too, and a good old picture it made. No, it was'nt a picture. It was a reality. We only wish we could possess a picture of it! And then down stairs, at supper time, was the old red table cloth spread out with pickles and cider and cheese and sandwiches — wrapped in paper from under the glass counter. "I never had such a good time in my life", said one of the hostesses.

Description of a man sitting on a "keig" in the old grocery store from "No Show"
by Sam Walter Foss:

"He said he got no start in life,
Did'nt get no money from his dad,
The washin took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;
Oh no", said Joe
Hain't had no show" —
An then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk; an' talk an talk!"

Longfellow's and Hawthorne's Spring Unnoticed by Tourists

Spot Discovered by Poets When They Were Students Together at Bowdoin College At Brunswick, Me.

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

BRUNSWICK, Me., Oct. 6—Unnoticed by thousands of tourists who travel each summer along the main road from Brunswick to Bath, the pure waters of Paradise spring flow into a little glen which once echoed to the voices of Longfellow, Hawthorne and other famous men who once were students at Bowdoin College.

Today an unoccupied flat-roofed building bearing a large sign with the legend "Paradise Water" is the only marked for a place that is replete with association of the past. This building is the bottling plant built by John J. Burchenal of Cincinnati, who has since died.

PINES OFFER SHADE

At the base of a hillside near by is the spring itself, now covered by a small shingled shed, from which a stream of water as pure as any in the world flows out toward the Adroscoggin. Lofty pine trees share the spring in summer and shelter it in winter, and the ground around it is covered with a carpet of pine needles.

The first development of the beauties of the spot is credited to Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, both graduates in the Bowdoin class of 1825. They found the spring during a Sunday walk, tasted its clear, cool water and returned to it often.

Together they cleared away a little basin for the water and placed two logs behind it to hold up the bank. Twelve years ago, when the present spring house was built, the two logs were found, and are now in a rack in the office of the Paradise Spring Company.

In the years following the discovery of its beauties, the little glen became a gathering place for the more intellectual students of the college. Old grads returning for commencement always made a pilgrimage to the place and distinguished orators gave declamations beneath the pines.

PRESIDENT SPOKE THERE

Franklin Pierce, Bowdoin's contribution to the national presidency, Sergt. Smith Prentiss, famous orator, and Senator James W. Bradbury of Augusta have spoken in the glen.

Seats were placed around the hollow in the hill by the famous class of 1825, but all traces of them have long ago disappeared.

The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, one of Bowdoin's kindliest and most widely loved graduates, referred to the spring in his Whispering Pine series of books.

It is generally believed that Longfellow referred to Paradise Spring when he wrote, "A Gleam of Sunshine," in the words:

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene.
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.
The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

Shortly before he died Charles J. Gilman accompanied the late Senator James W. Bradbury, the last surviving member of the class of 1825, to the spring. Senator Bradbury remarked that the place was one of the most historic spots connected with the college and expressed the hope that its beauty might be preserved. The property is now owned by the Burchenal heirs.

Monday. June 2. 1930.

Pleasant 72°

June again and we think it the most beautiful time of all the year at the Wayside Inn. Warm, sunny days with a deep blue sky over head and the closely clipped lawn under our feet like a soft green velvet carpet. The garden - dressed in a rainbow of colors - yellow and pink and lavender.

A step back into the Springtime - Birds arriving from the south - Singing and building their nests. The lacy effect of all the trees and bushes in bud - Lilac time. What lovlier time at the Wayside Inn?

Think of the icy cold days of winter when the Inn is buried in a white fleecy blanket of snow and icicles hang from the eaves of the Gambrel roof and Jack Frost paints pictures on the tiny panes of glass in the windows - And within is a cheery glowing warmth from the fireplace. A comfortable, cosy time at the Inn.

Glance ahead to Autumn in its garb of red and brown + gold - Harvest time - corn stalks and pumpkins and Wayside Inn

MacIntosh Red Apples.

1.

I wnd not dye in Spring-time
And miss the turnup greens.
+ the pooty song of the little frawg.
And the skylarks early screams.
When birds begin their wooing,
+ taters 'gin to sprout,
When turkeys go a gobbling -
I would not then peg out.

2.

I wnd not dye in summer
+ leave the garden sass,
The roasted lamb + buttermilk
The kool place in the grass;
I wnd not dye in summer
When everything's so hot
And leave the whisky jewlips
Owe know! I'd rather knot.

Which is the most beautiful time at the Wayside Inn?

(The poem is apropos)

3.

I wnd not dye in autumn
With peaches fit for eating
When wavy korn is getting ripe
+ kandidates are treeting
Phor these and other reasons
I'd not dye in the phall;
+, sense I've thought it over,
I wnd not dye at all!

Anonymous.

Tuesday. June 3. 1930. Warm 86°

After waving farewell to the parting guest, we often wonder—
"Where are they now? What lands and skies
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?"

Many times our guests return and tell us where they have been—what they have been doing and often say that in all their travels they have not forgotten the Wayside Inn. But then again, there are the young people—the boys and girls who come by the hundreds. We wonder if they retain much of what they have seen here—We wonder if the Inn has made a lasting impression. If it is a visit they will never forget. Once in a while we have a glimpse of the children after they have gone back to their homes and schools and it is a pleasure to hear that they have not forgotten their visit here.

To-day came this item from the Rectory News—the school paper of the Rectory School in Pomfret, Connecticut. It is an account of the school's visit to the Inn supposedly written in a letter by one of the boys to his mother. ←

THE BOSTON TRIP

Dear Mother:

Last Saturday, May 24th, was the day of our great historical trip to Boston. We had breakfast and started from school at seven o'clock. In Providance we passed Brown University and Moses Brown School and then we hummed along for Massachusetts and Boston.

Once there we went through the beautiful Public Gardens and the historic Boston Common to explore the State House, where we heard the Legislature in session.

At Cambridge we saw Harvard University, site of the Washington Elm, Longfellow's House, (where he wrote "Paul Revere's Ride" and other "Tales of a Wayside Inn") and Lowell's home.

Back in Boston we visited the Navy Yard to see "Old Ironsides" and new destroyers. Then up Bunker Hill we went and climbed the monument, 294 steps. Some of us started to run up but we certainly walked down.

Then we followed Paul Revere's ride out through Somerville. We passed Tufts College on its hill and went through Arlington to Lexington.

Here we were royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hammer, Jack's parents, with such a dinner, potato chips and ice cream, too. Not only that but Mrs. Hammer had ready for us a most interesting guide who took us all around Lexington and Concord.

We started the tour at the Hancock-Clark House, then Lexington Green with the Minute Man, and then the Monroe Tavern. Then along to Concord Bridge we went to hear "the shot heard round the world" and next to the Wright Tavern.

In Concord we also saw the homes of Louisa Alcott, Emerson, and Hawthorne. This last was also the home of Margaret Sidney who wrote about the Five Little Peppers. Remember?

After this afternoon of exploration we forgot about eating until we reached Weston where we had supper at Mr. and Mrs. Hoagues. Then we remembered that we were really hungry for the good supper waiting there.

Then we started for home but there was one more wonderful stop. This was at the Wayside Inn, that Longfellow wrote about, in Sudbury. Here we went in and saw this old inn with Miss Staples, who lives there, to tell us all about it. Across the road we saw the Old Grist Mill and then we saw the Little Red Schoolhouse where Mary went to school and her lamb waited outside. When we left Miss Staples gave us all some candy. This is one of the ways Mr. Ford, who has fixed up the Inn, shows how he likes to have children visit there. Miss Staples said we conducted ourselves very well on our visit.

Through Worcester, Massachusetts, we rode home in the evening. The bus was big and comfortable and we were glad because we were tired when we reached home after ten o'clock.

I hope you will come up early to Commencement and then I can tell you *more* about the trip.

Love,

SONNY.

Wednesday. June 4. 1930. Very warm 9.°

One of the hostesses found one of the Grade School boys wandering around aimlessly in the old kitchen to-day. He had paper and pencil in his hand and the hostess asked if she might be of assistance. The boy said he was given an assignment in his class work that required a division of objects in the old kitchen that were—

1. Made by hand.
2. Made in a shop
3. Made by Machinery.

This was a good test for the hostess as well as the boy and after much examination and thought. a representative list was made out as follows:

1. Made by hand:

Candles.
Spoon rack (wood)
Block print (wood)
Seats of chairs
Pewter spoons (with mould)
Bowl (carved out from knot of tree)
Candle stand

2. Made in a shop.

Candle moulds (tin)
Box to hold candles (tin)
Sconce (tin)
— Made in tin-smith shop

Pots and kettles
Pipe tongs
Toaster
} Made in Blacksmith Shop

Plates + bowls + platters (pewter) } Made by Pewter-maker.

3. Made by machinery:

Chairs (turned on crude lathe)
Roasting Jack for turning Spit rod
Plates and bowls (wood, turned on lathe)

→ Note that the smallest number of things were made by machine.

GOV ALLEN RIDES IN 100-YEAR-OLD OMNIBUS AT WORCESTER

Vehicle of Vintage 1830, Loaned by Henry Ford, Is Used In Centenary Celebration of Store

Special Dispatch to the Globe

WORCESTER, May 7—Gov Allen went back 100 years in transportation today when he stepped from his 1930 model automobile into an old omnibus that was used in 1830 in carrying passengers between Worcester, Shrewsbury, Northboro and Marlboro, and rode through the center of city with Mayor O'Hara and Chief of Police Foley to the department store of the Barnard Sumner & Putnam Company to assist in celebrating its 100th anniversary.

With Fred W. Clement, leader of the Worcester Brass Band, blowing the coach horn as the ancient equipage, borrowed from Henry Ford at the Wayside Inn, rumbled its way behind four black horses over the pavement of Main st, a great throng applauded the Governor, who was busy acknowledging the salutations.

At the store the Governor was greeted by officers of the company and descendants of the founders and was then shown over the establishment, where he was guest from 5 to 6 o'clock.

He was then taken to the Bancroft, where he was a guest tonight at the Army and Navy dinner.

Thursday. June 5. 1930 Warm 85°

Our old coach, the one that ran between Marlboro. Northboro. Shrewsbury and Worcester, in the old days. has been in much demand lately. It journeyed over its former "run" about the first of May to Worcester again where it was used in connection with the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Barnard. Sumner & Putnam. Co. It travelled this time however. not on alone on its four large wooden wheels with four horse-power attached. as in 1830. but by a large motor-power truck of 1930.

To-day the same coach was driven over the road by coachman and four horses, as in the old days - to Cambridge where it is to be used in a historical pageant. The pageant is to be enacted on the lawn at Craigie House - the home of H. W. Longfellow - on Friday afternoon.

In Worcester as well as Cambridge - anywhere it goes. many people pause to look at the old coach with much interest and curiosity.

"WASHINGTON" AT CAMBRIDGE

(Photo by George Dixon)

Washington's arrival at Cambridge was re-enacted yesterday in a pageant presented by the Cambridge Neighborhood House on the grounds of the Craigie-Longfellow estate, Cambridge. The coach was loaned by Henry Ford. Left to right, Henry Wesselman of New York, as George Washington, Robert H. Jones of New York as Phillips Randolph, Huntington Faxon as Gen. Ward and Mrs. Faxon as Martha Washington.

-- PROGRAM --

AFTERNOON AT FOUR

IN FRONT OF HOUSE

Historical Scenes connected with The Craigie House

The Children in the cast will be from the Cambridge Neighborhood House.

After the Play there will be informal country dances on the lawn in which all are invited to join.

Friday. June 6. 1930 Pleasant. warm 85°

Every year there is a Lawn Fete held at Longfellow's home. Craigie House in Cambridge. This year in honor of the Tercentenary. Professor Dana. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. a grandson of the poet who now lives at Craigie House. wrote a simple pageant depicting important historical events which actually took place at Craigie House during the years 1774. '75 and '76. The scenes were enacted on the lawn in front of the house - to-day; this being the day of the 1930 lawn fete. The beautiful colonial exterior of the house made a fitting background for the Vassall family and their friends - all Tories - and dressed in silks and satins of the period. Their friends danced a Minuet on the lawn - in which little children. very cunning in silks and satins too, joined to the time of a quaint old time orchestra. The Revolutionists mobbed the house and took possession. General Washington arrived and made the house his head quarters. Martha Washington and escort arrived in the Wayside Inn coach. Representatives from Harvard College greeted General Washington and Benjamin Franklin was there. After the evacuation of Boston 1776 General Washington returned to Craigie House. victorious and greeted by his friends and family. Later he left Craigie house - on horseback - and Mrs. Washington followed - in the Wayside Inn coach!

Saturday. June 7, 1930 Cooler 80°

It is said that when friends complimented Cicero, telling him that he was the greatest orator - he replied somewhat as follows: "Not so. For when I give an oration in the Forum people say. "How well he speaks!" but when Demosthennes addressed the people they rose and shouted "Come, let us up and fight the Macedonians!"

I have been reminded of this incident many times when listening to the story of the Inn as told in the Parlor by any one of the hostesses. Not that the hostess can be compared to Cicero or Demosthennes as an orator - but the guests often rise up! They rise from their chairs - not in revolt, but in their enthusiasm and eagerness to see the things which Longfellow speaks of in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" - Unconsciously they become so interested that they immediately want to take action, as it were, want to read again the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It is common to hear a guest remark - "Now we must go home and read the Tales" or - "We have never read the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." but we will surely do so now." The story is well told - but more - it creates a desire in our guests for something good in literature - for something worth while.

THE PARLOR - LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN, SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.

Sunday June 8, 1930

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

TERCENTENARY

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY

1630 - 1930

LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

JUNE 8, 1930

Sudbury early settlers ventured out westward and some of them likely settled in the old town of Lancaster. To-day Lancaster held a very impressive, beautiful service in honor of their Puritan ancestors in the old Lancaster First Parish Meeting House.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

IN THE

MEETING HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH

AT 3:45 O'CLOCK

Organ — Mr. Lucien Howe

Hymn — "O God, Our Help" — St. Anne. C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
And our eternal home.
Be thou our guard while troubles last,

Word of Welcome — Hon. Herbert Parker

Chairman, Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary Commission

Address — Charles Edwards Park, D. D.

Minister of the First Church in Boston, gathered 1630.

Hymn — "America"

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
  Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

Organ — Mr. Lucien Howe

The Exercises will be followed by a Band Concert on the Green in front of the Town House.

Monday. June 9. 1930 Rain all day.

It is indeed a question - just what feature of the party to-night will be the most interesting to the reader of this journal ten - or twenty - or fifty years hence. The pretty gay frocks of the young ladies gave a very festive appearance against the white framed background of the large ball room. The boys too were dressed in their summer party clothes - white flannel trousers and dark coats. The boys were all there - from the Grade School - big boys and little boys. Three of the little boys in blue skirts and white "duckes" served punch throughout the evening. The punch was an important feature - for it was a warm muggy evening and the punch, served frequently, kept the dancers cool and comfortable. In spite of the weather everybody was there. Mr. & Mrs. Bodger. Miss Welch. Mr. & Mrs. Bushnell. Miss Elliott. Mr. & Mrs. Lovett. Mr. Campbell - and best of all - last but not least - Mr. & Mrs. Ford. They were our guest and hostess this evening; the most important feature - They joined us heartily in the Virginia Reel. the Quadrille. the Waltz and other old-fashioned dances called off by Mr. Lovett and tripped to the time of a real live six-piece orchestra!

Picture below shows the wing of the house occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Ford when they visit the Inn.

Tuesday. June 10. 1930 Rain

Looking over the Group Register Book we find a variety of groups registered within the last week. By variety we mean the various interests and occupations which these groups represent. There is a group from the New England Industrial Nurses Association and on the same day, last Saturday, a large group of sailors from aboard the U.S.S. "Northampton." Also on Saturday a small group from the Huntley Sunday School Class in New Bedford, led by one of the "fraters", Rev. George E. Huntley. On the next page is registered a group from the International Association [illegible] Policewomen and during the week many people have [illegible] individually from the Conference of Social Workers, now holding a convention in Boston. And in-between there are the school groups - the school children from primary grades - way up to the High School graduating classes.

A group of Wayside Inn Grade School Boys marching in the Parade in Sudbury on Memorial day 1930.

Wednesday. June 11, 1930. Meathead 69°

A valuable addition to our library has been made by Mrs. Lemon, who recently presented Mr. Ford with a book of Poems written by Thomas W. Parsons. Mr. Parsons, it will be remembered, was the person whom Longfellow chose as the "Poet" in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." We have often thought this a very nice compliment to Mr. Parsons because Longfellow could so easily have made him see the poet" in the Tales. However, Mr. Parsons was a poet of no mean importance and doubly interesting is the fact that he too wrote some poems occasioned by happenings here at the Inn. The book of Poems contains some new verses which we had not seen before, written on Guy Fawkes' day at Howes Tavern in Sudbury. Mr. Parsons starts in this way:

"The fifth of November, when meadows were brown,
And the woods were all withered, — in Sudbury town
Four lads from the city, by special request,
At an old tavern met for a whole day of rest."

And the most interesting fact concerning this recent gift to the library is that the very first page of the book is inscribed by the author himself:

to
Adam Howe Esq.
of Sudbury
with the regards and
good wishes of his friend
T. W. P.
October 1854.

Framingham
Old Home Week

In honor of

Massachusetts Bay
Tercentenary

1630---1930

June 12-19, 1930

Programme

Framingham will observe the Puritan Tercentenary by special exercises in the week June 12 to June 19 according to the following program:

Thursday, June 12

Graduation at the State Normal School at 10 o'clock, with Biennial meeting of the Alumnae following on June 13, 14 and 15.

Friday, June 13

Opening of the Massachusetts Convention of Spanish War Veterans.

Saturday, June 14

Continuation of Convention of Spanish War Veterans with Parade at 4 o'clock.

Sunday, June 15

Closing day of Convention of Spanish War Veterans. Appropriate Tercentenary Exercises in churches.

Monday, June 16

Tercentenary Dance by Framingham High School Alumni Association at Nevins Hall in the evening.

Tuesday, June 17

Historical Pageant at the Athletic Field in evening.

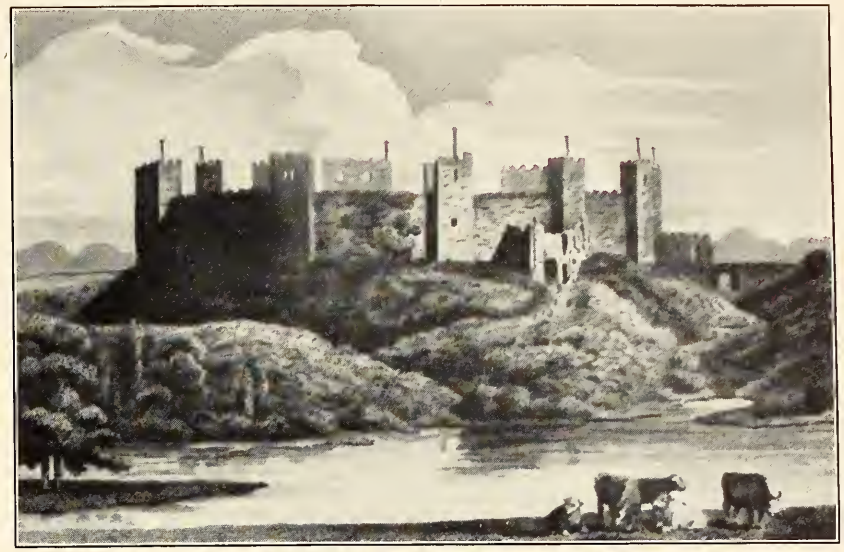
Wednesday, June 18

Open house at rooms of Framingham Historical Society, and Reception to Mr. W. T. Brunger from Framlingham, England.

Thursday, June 19

Public day at Mr. John R. Macomber's "Raceland," and official Historical Exercises at Nevins Hall in evening.

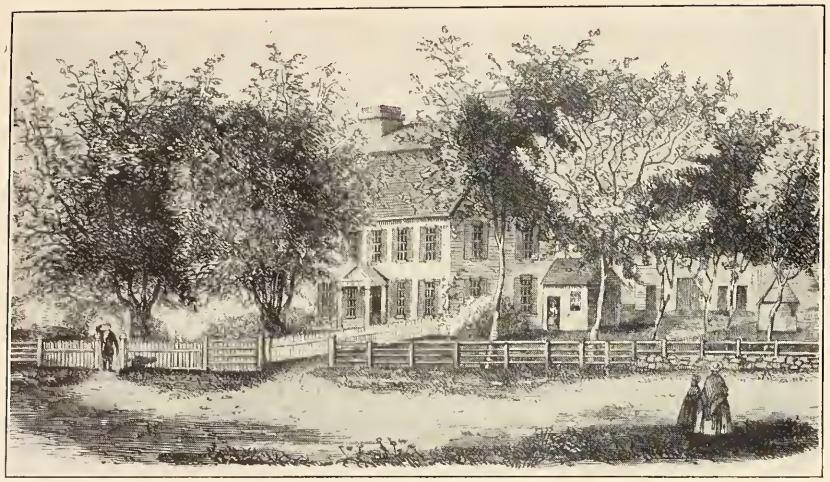
There is much in the history of Framingham to invite interest and study, too much to be reviewed in the brief space of this notice. There is some indication, however, of these matters of historic interest in the list prepared some years ago by the Framingham Historical Society, which appears elsewhere in this program.



The Framlingham Castle, England.

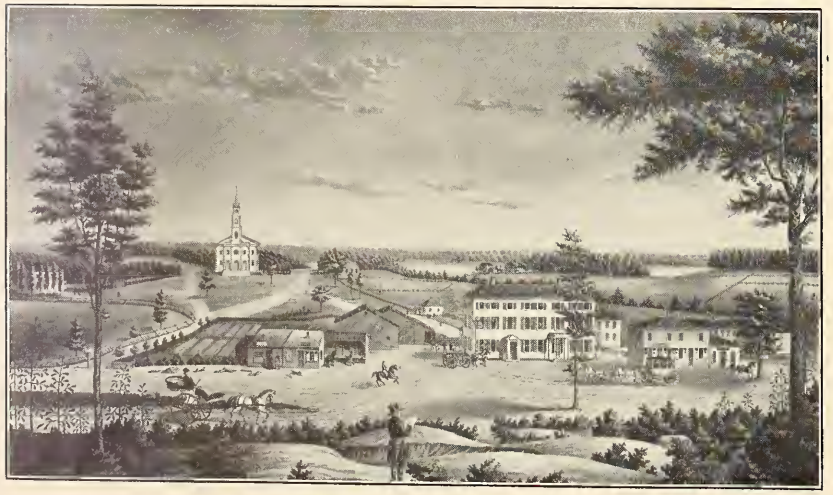
Thomas Danforth was one of the early magistrates of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He came to New England in 1634 from his native town, Framlingham, Suffolk County, England. He served the colony as Representative from Cambridge, Assistant, Judge, Treasurer of Harvard College, Deputy Governor. In 1662 he received from the Colony a grant of some 15,000 acres, which included most of the territory now known as Framingham west of the Sudbury River. This grant was early known as "Danforth's Farms" and also as the "Framingham Plantation." Danforth died in 1699, and in 1700 the General Court ordered "that the Plantation called Framingham be from henceforth a Township, retaining the name of Framingham." There are instances in England where the name is spelled without the "l" and instances here where the name is spelled with the "l," but whether spelled with or without "there is no doubt that the Plantation received its name from the birthplace of Thomas Danforth in England." Temple's History, page 3.

The mother town is in East Anglia, that old section of England divided in early times between the North Folk and the South Folk, and becoming later Norfolk and Suffolk counties. The natural beauty of Suffolk County has become famous through the landscape paintings of Constable and Gainsborough. Framlingham is the site of one of the oldest Castles of England, the home of the Howard family, known in history as the House of Norfolk. Here Edward VI held his first royal court, and Mary Tudor made her stand as the first Queen Regnant of England.

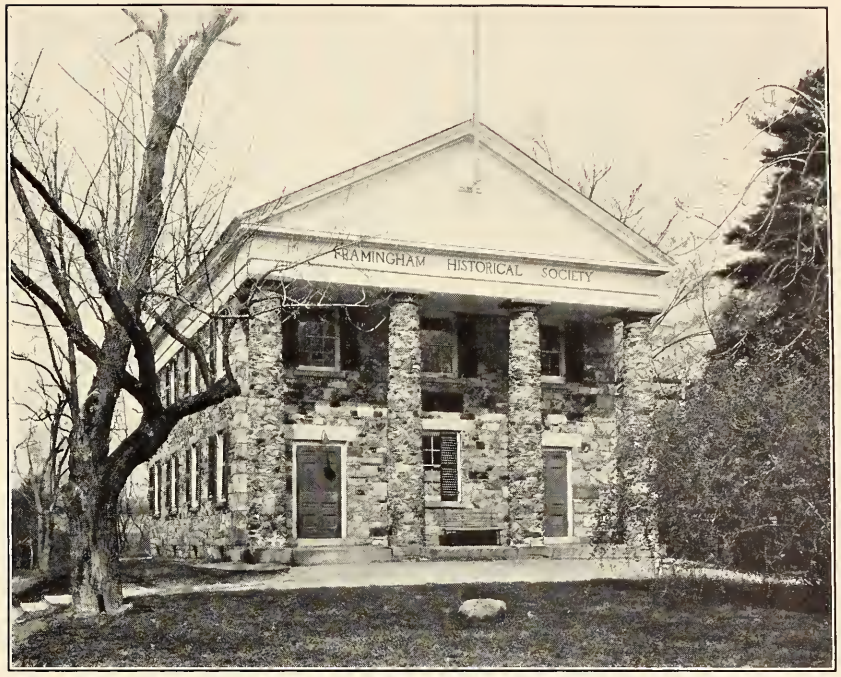


The Old Kellogg House, 1747.

Framingham developed as an agricultural and commercial center. Among the early family names are Angier, Bacon, Badger, Ballard, Bannister, Belcher, Belknap, Bent, Bigelow, Brewer, Buckminster, Capen, Clark, Cloyes, Coller, Coolidge, Cutting, Dadmun, Daniels, Drury, Eames, Eaton, Edgell, Fairbanks, Fisk, Frost, Gibbs, Gleason, Hager, Hastings, Haven, Hemenway, Howe, Kendall, Learned, Maynard, Mellen, Nixon, Nurse, Parkhurst, Phipps, Pike, Pratt, Rice, Rugg, Sanger, Singletary, Stone, Temple, Trowbridge, Walkup, Warren, Wayte, Winch.



The 1808 Picture of the Common.



The old academy building now occupied by the Framingham Historical Society, 1837.

The settlement of a minister was essential to the incorporation of a town. John Swift was the first minister from 1700 to his death in 1745. Then came Matthew Bridge, who died in 1775, and David Kellogg, who served until his death in 1843, three ministers in a period of 143 years. The house built by Reverend Bridge and later occupied by Dr. Kellogg is still standing. The picture on preceding page has been found in Bond's "Watertown."

Much of the village life since 1800 has centered around "The Common." The picture drawn by Captain David Bell in 1808 shows the beginning.

In its present form, it is an enclosure within public streets surrounded by double rows of trees, with the two meeting houses near the oval end, and the old Academy Building, now occupied by the Framingham Historical Society, and the Jonathan Maynard School and the old Town Hall and Public Library all near by.

PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST IN FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

CENTRAL SECTION

Revolutionary Monument. Site of old Training-field. Buckminster Square.

Site of Buckminster Tavern. Main Street, north of Monument.

Old Mile-stone. Main Street.

Site of First Meeting House in Framingham, 1699. Old Burial Ground.

Grave of Rev. John Swift, the first Minister.

Grave of Rev. Matthew Bridge, the second Minister, Chaplain in Gen. Washington's Army in 1775.

Grave of Rev. David Kellogg, the third Minister.

Site of First School House in Framingham.

Site of Stocks, near Site of Meeting-house.

Grave of Peter Salem, a Slave, who killed Major Pitcairn.

Grave of Captain Jonathan Maynard.

Graves of Soldiers in French and Indian War.

Graves of Revolutionary Soldiers.

Gravestones with quaint Inscriptions: Abraham Rice and John Clayes, 1777. Captain Isaac Clark, 1768.

Isaac Warren House, 1799. Main Street.

Site of John Fiske House, Main Street, where Nathaniel Brinley, a noted Tory, was confined.

Abner Wheeler House, 1722. Main Street.

Site of Rev. John Swift House and his old Well. Maple Street. Marked by Historical Society Tablet.

Old Maynard Tavern. Neary House, 1713.

Old Houghton Tavern, 1796. Central House, Central Square.

Old Stone Slab. High Street.

Site of the Small Red Store. Esty's Block.

Framingham Common. Training-field, 1735.

Memorial Hall. Town Library. South End of Common.

Soldiers' Monument. In front of Memorial Hall.

Site of old Town-House. Southeast of Meeting-House.

Site of Second Meeting-House. Northeasterly Corner of Common.

Site of Third Meeting-House. First Parish Church.

The old Academy Building. Vernon Street, Grove Street. Historical Society Rooms.

Captain Simon Edgell House, 1816. Edgell Street.

Rev. Matthew Bridge House, later occupied by Rev. David Kellogg. Kellogg Street. 1747.

Indian Head Hill, Old Jacob's Favorite Summer Resort.

Framingham State Normal School. First Normal School in United States.

Old Sentinel Outlook. Bare Hill (Normal Hill).

Israel Town House. Salem End Road. 1713.

First Baptist Church, 1826. Worcester Street, Pleasant Street.

Jonathan Maynard House. Pleasant Street.

Old Miles-stones. Pleasant Street.

Site of Major Lawson Buckminster Tavern. Little Tree Farms, Pleasant Street.

Salem End, settled in 1693 by Peter Clayes and others of Salem Village. Sarah Towne Clayes accused of Witchcraft; imprisoned in Ipswich Jail, August, 1692; escaped and came to Framingham with her Husband, Peter Clayes, 1693.

Site of Garrison House and Salem Fort. Between the Fenton and Peter Parker Houses on the North Side of the Brook.

Brewer Elm. Set out about 1727 on the Fenton Farm beyond Big Boulder.

Home of John Nourse. 1696-7. Salem End Road.

Gates Elm, also known as the Rugg Elm. Largest Tree in Framingham. Span 250 feet.

Indian Summer Camping Ground. Near Mouth of Cowassock Brook. Salem End.

Caleb Bridges House. 1693. Framingham Country Club House. Occupied for 150 years by Temple family.

NORTHERLY SECTION

"Indian Cairn." On the highest point Nobscot Mountain.

"At the Fall of the Rocks." Precipice on Eastern Side.

Site of Old Jethro's Wigwams. Near Precipice.

Indian Planting Fields. Below Precipice.

Gen. John Nixon's Cellar Hole. Near a Spring on North Slope of Nobscot.

Doeskin Hill. West of Nobscot.

Peter Jethro's Field and Granary. West Side of Doeskin Hill, near Ernest Gregory place.

Col. Ezekiel Howe House and Tomb. Gregory place.

The Red Horse Tavern. Wayside Inn, Sudbury.

Thomas Nixon House. West of No. 7 School House.

Capt. John Trowbridge House.

N. I. Bowditch House. Grove Street.

Jeremiah Pike House, 1694. Foster House, Belknap Street.

"Pike Row." Old Road in Front of Foster House.

Aaron Pike House. Belknap Street.

Graves of Smallpox Victims. Thompson Farm, Pleasant Street.

SOUTHERLY SECTION

Site of Indian Encampment. Southeast Slope, Mount Wayte.

Boulder Marking Site of Eames Tragedy and Thomas Eames House.

Site of Indian Villages. Waushakamaug. Around Farm Pond.

"The Old Field." Indian Burial Place. Common, Concord Street.

Site of Clark's Tavern. Concord Street.

Site of Sanger Tavern. Civic League Buildings, Concord, Sanger Streets.

Old Red House, 1721. Union Avenue.

Site of Sweating Pit on Eames' Land, Lincoln Street, now School Land.

TERCENTENNIAL INSCRIPTIONS

Herald ——— April-7-

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON 1930

It has been my duty to look over some hundreds of proposed inscriptions for the tercentennial markers. No doubt many more will be written this year, so I should like to offer a few remarks on the subject.

These tercentennial markers are meant to be read by passing motorists. They should, therefore, be brief, not prolix; and should, if possible, tell a story rather than a mere string of dates and information. They should make a wide appeal. It is of no interest to anyone, unless possibly his descendants, to know that, "This was the home of Jabez Sculpin, town clerk, 1634-75; selectman, 1666-72; fence viewer, 1672-75; deputy to the general court, 1675-80." But many of the proposed inscriptions are of that sort. How much more interesting is the following, sent in by the Town of Acton:

"Mill site of Capt. Thomas Wheeler who was chosen to protect the town herd of cattle from wild beasts, guarding them in a yard every night. In King Philip's war he was wounded."

This paints a picture of colonial life, commemorates a brave and useful citizen, and is told in good English, simple and direct as a Greek inscription.

Watertown and Beverly, too, have sent in excellent inscriptions, and other towns have sent in good ones. But many have been inaccurate, and others have sent in copy that you have to read two or three times to find what it is all about.

Most Americans hate dates, because they had to learn them at school. So if you want your inscription read, don't sprinkle it with dates. If dates you must have, see that they are accurate. Do not try to convert old style days of the month into new style; but use the new style year for the period Jan. 1 to March 25.

"FIRSTS" AND "OLDESTS"

Avoids "firsts" and "oldests." "First house in town" does not mean much to the next town. Of what interest is it to the tourist to learn that a certain meeting house is the "oldest in blank county?" Two different Massachusetts towns claim the "first tide mill" and three the "first grist mill." Supposing one is right, who cares? Especially avoid "first in America" or "first in the English colonies." Mexico had schools, churches, mills and most of the apparatus of civilized life long before the English colonies were founded; and Virginia, let it not be forgotten, was founded in 1607 and had a Legislature as early as 1619. It is not courteous to our guests to claim that we were ahead of their sections of the country in everything; nor were we. It is the quality, not the priority, of the achievements of Massachusetts that counts in the long run.

A common mistake of inscriptions to drag in a log cabin. There were no log cabins in early Massachusetts. That type of dwelling was introduced to the colonies by the Swedes and Finns on the Delaware. The first New Englanders built conical shelters of boughs and bark, or Indian wigwams of the long-house pattern, or cottages with wattle-and-daub walls and thatched roofs. Where "cabin" is found in old records it means a hut or cottage of one of these types. The English of those days were better sawyers than axe-men, and were very prompt to put up framed houses. New England domestic architecture in the 17th century looked nothing like the popular "Colonial" style. See Fiske Kimball's "Colonial Architecture" for illustrations.

There is a tendency to make too many Indian massacres. They occurred, to be sure, but at long intervals. The New England colonies had much less Indian warfare in the 17th century than the Southern ones, or New Netherland. If all the Indian massacre inscriptions sent in are erected, our visitors will wonder next summer how anyone was left to carry on Massachusetts. On the other hand, it would be interesting to know the sites of all the "praying Indian towns" established by Eliot and Gookin. Three or four have been sent in already. We also want to

SUDBURY — SUDBURY FIGHT — One-quarter mile north took place the Sudbury Fight with King Philip's Indians on April 21, 1676. Captain Samuel Wadsworth fell with twenty-eight of his men: their monument stands in the burying ground.

SUDBURY—Sudbury, one of the earliest frontier towns, settled in 1638. Scene of a stubbornly contested battle between the settlers and King Philip's Indians, April 18-21, 1676.

SUDBURY—HOP BROOK MILL—To the right is the site of Hop Brook Mill, erected by grant of the town of Sudbury, January 7, 1659, to Thomas and Peter Noyes, "to build and maintain a mill to grind the corn of the settlers." It is now the property of Henry Ford.

EAST SUDBURY — THE GOODENOW GARRISON HOUSE—Portion of the Goodenow Garrison House in which settlers took refuge from King Philip's Indians during the battle of April 18-21, 1676.

SUDBURY — HAYNES GARRISON HOUSE—One-quarter mile north is the site of the Haynes Garrison House, the home of Deacon John Haynes. Here the settlers by their brave defense saved the town when King Philip and his Indian warriors attacked Sudbury in April 1676.

emphasize the cultural contributions of early Massachusetts: poets like Anne Bradstreet, Benjamin Tompson and Urian Oakes; goldsmiths like John Hull, Jeremy Dummer, Robert Sanderson, John Coney, Timothy Dwight and Edward Winslow.

Almost every Massachusetts town had one or more pungent characters among its first settlers, or established some distinct industry, or had some traditional story that gives the flavor of the times. These are the sort of things that go well on an inscription. Comparatively few inscriptions have been sent in about the interesting men of the early days. None, for instance, on William Pynchon, Edward Johnson, Nathaniel Ward, Peter Bulkeley, Daniel Gookin, Robert Child, Richard Bellingham, Edward Gibbons, Daniel Denison, John Underhill, Samuel Maverick, Hugh Peter, Elijah Corlet, Ezekiel Cheever, Thomas Thatcher, Samuel and Jonathan Danforth.

It is all right to quote words with quaint spelling from the old records, but avoid "ye" for "the." What appears to be "ye" in old manuscripts is merely old hand-writing or an abbreviation for "the" and should be so read and printed. Massachusetts was settled at a time when English handwriting was changing from mediaeval to modern. The mediaeval "t" was written short, without a cross, and the mediaeval "h" was written somewhat like a "j" without a dot. The "r" looked more or less like a "u." So that a word which looks like "yiyeu" in Governor Winthrop's handwriting is really "thither." When the handwriting changed, people went on for a century or more using the old form of "th" as an abbreviation, such as "ye" for "the," "yt" for "that," "ym" for "them." But these words were seldom printed and never pronounced thus. It is permissible to print them so nowadays when it is intended to reproduce the exact appearance of a manuscript, as in the Massachusetts Bay Records; but on a public inscription it is better to spell out "ye," otherwise people will pronounce it "ye" instead of "the." This does not, of course, apply to "ye" when used as a vocative form of "you." In printing words from old records, look out for the various curls on the tail of "p" which are an abbreviation for per, pro, etc. And remember that a short dash or a tilde over a letter means that the letter should be doubled, or that an "i" is to be understood.

Above all, do not try to get too much in an inscription, and be as brief as possible. Not more than 50 words can be put on a marker in any case, and 25 will look better and be more often read. It is surprising how much you can say in 25 words if you must, and how well. Here is an example from the Greek Anthology:

"Here a thousand Spartans arrested by their valour the advance of eighty myriads of Persians, and died without turning their backs. That is Dorian discipline."

Thursday. June 12. 1930. Overcast 68°

It is in keeping for us to bear in mind the Tercentenary celebrations and events which surround us—throughout the state of Massachusetts. We venture to paste in the Journal, this article about Tercentenary Inscriptions which is an especially good discourse on the subject. Found by the way, in Mr. Parmenter's new store, in Sudbury Center, to see this notice: Clean up Year! Let us clean up our places so that the Tourist passing through our town will think we are alive

MOTOR MAGNATE ON LABRADOR SHIP

(Poto by Leslie R. Jones, Herald photographer)
Aboard Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell's schooner, George B. Cluett. Left to right: Mrs. William H. Spices of Detroit, Mrs. Henry Ford, Henry Ford, Lady Grenfell and Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

FORD GUEST ON GRENFELL SHIP

Motor Magnate Has Halibut Dinner on Labrador Schooner

SIR WILFRED IS HONORED BY C. OF C.

Henry Ford partook of a halibut dinner yesterday on Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell's auxiliary schooner George B. Cluett, having motored from the Wayside Inn, where the Grenfells have been guests. In the Ford party were Mrs. Ford, Lady Grenfell and Mrs. W. H. Spicer, friend of the Fords, of Detroit.

The motor magnate had a glimpse of T wharf, where the Cluett lay, and was held up a bit by the stream of traffic on Atlantic avenue, but a real test of his agility came when he stepped from the caplog into the schooner's main rigging and to the deck, littered with all manner of gear. The women were assisted down and avoided a row of oil drums lashed in the schooner's waist on the way to the afterhouse where a table had been arranged with the benches cushioned with newspapers and the schooner's crockery and cutlery neat as wax.

REFUSES INTERVIEW

Mr. Ford told reporters he would remain but 15 minutes but, as Sir Wilfred was delayed ashore, the visit lengthened into three-quarters of an hour, everybody remaining in the cabin until joined by Sir Wilfred and Gorham Cluett of Troy, N. Y., representing the family of the late George B. Cluett, donors of the the vessel to the Grenfell Association.

Asked to comment on an address by Chairman George W. Wickersham of President Hoover's law enforcement commission, favoring a modification of existing stringent laws for enforcement of the prohibition amendment, Mr. Ford had nothing to say. Before leaving for the Wayside Inn Mr. Ford shook hands all round and asked to meet Donald Smith, the Cluett's engineer. It became known, just as the schooner departed at 3 P. M., that Mr. Ford had presented the association machinery that will prove invaluable in future building construction that Sir Wilfred may undertake in connection with his missions. The schooner was presented a ship bell by the Yale Grenfell Association, a last minute installation.

Sir Wilfred sailed on the schooner for St. Anthony, but Lady Grenfell will join the vessel at Sydney, N. S., in about two weeks. Atty. A. T. Gould, this city, active in association affairs, goes as far as Lunenburg, N. S., where the vessel will call for supplies. The volunteer seamen include: R. S. Hurlburt, son of Dean Hurlburt of Harvard University; Gallatin Weleh and Albert Tuxbury Hill of Philadelphia and Gordon Earp, also from Philadelphia, a member of McGill University, class of 1931. Jacob Compton of St. Anthony, N. F., graduate of the agricultural college in Truro, N. S., is returning to participate in an experiment to grow vegetables on the north coast. Labrador students returning home on the Cluett are: Kenneth McNeill, Edmund Pike, Edward Slade, Henry Rich, Horace McNeill, Percy Hancock. The cargo includes crates of rabbits which, it is hoped may be successfully bred in Labrador.

The Cluett is expected to return to Boston in about three weeks for additional supplies and, departing, will carry a group of scientists who will spend the summer among the Labrador missions.

A loving cup was presented Sir Wilfred at a luncheon given in his honor by the Maritime Association of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, in the Chamber building, the token being the gift of Mayor Curley in behalf of the city of Boston. The presentation was by A. D. Corbett, the mayor's secretary. The gift is in recognition of Sir Wildred's humanitarian work in the North. Addressing the gathering of steamship men, city officials and members of the Maritime Association, Sir Wilfred, in accepting the loving cup expressed bewilderment that the mayor, crowded with official duties could keep track of the little expedition represented by the schooner George B. Cluett. This recognition will, he said, encourage the boys who are giving their time to humanitarian purpose.

Henry Ford was expected to attend the luncheon at the Boston Chamber of Commerce building and Sir Wilfred explained his absence with the statement that the manufacturer is always embarrassed by newspaper men.

Friday. June 13th 1930 Pleasant 76°

fathers. mothers. grandmothers and grandfathers. and many baby brothers and sisters all came to the Wayside Inn this afternoon to see the Redstone School children in their closing exercises. The program began at two-thirty in the Large Ball-room. To a piano accompaniment the children marched hand-in-hand into the room. up the center aisle to the front of the audience where they joined in a salute to the flag. Apropos of the Tercentenary, a Dame School was arranged. The stage was like the interior of an old log cabin school with scanty furniture. The children sat on long hard wooden benches and Dame Green was busy with a small old spinning wheel. Dame Green and the children were dressed in picturesque old costume. long skirts. kerchiefs and aprons. And a realistic touch was the boy - always a boy - with a tall, pointed dunce cap! Later on, came the District School - another school scene of a little later period. This time. Joan Stone was the school master and he made a good one. dignified and a little harsh. The children were again dressed in old fashioned costume and sang and recited appropriate verses. Still in costume. some of the children joined in a Quadrille directed by Miss Elliott. It was very well done. easily and gracefully and delightfully picturesque with the fitting dresses. A group of singing games came next. and lastly Miss Hopkins announced that certificates would be presented. Mr. Lovett. director of social activities in Dearborn. presented the certificates and announced that each certificate had been personally signed by Mr. Ford. Mr. Lovett said: "It gave Mr. Ford more pleasure to sign these certificates than to sign a contract for fifty thousand new Ford automobiles!"

All the Wayside Inn family shared in making this a happy day for the "little lambs". The Grade School boys worked hard in setting up the chairs and stage properties and it was a real family affair this afternoon. Parents and Grade Schools and Wayside Inn friends made an enthusiastic. interested and appreciative audience.

Closing Exercises

Redstone School

At

The Large Ballroom

June 13, 1930 2:30 P.M.

PROGRAM

I Singing - America

II Salute to the Flag

III The Lord's Prayer

IV Gavotte Gossec
Josephine Monahan - Violinist
Inne Dickerson - Accompanist

V Old Time Schools Martha Hopkins

VI Playlet - THE DAME SCHOOL

Evangeline McDonald - Dame Green
Betty Boyer - Mary Green
PUPILS
Mary Bartlett Emmie Batchelder
Lydia Bonazzoli David Bentley
Kenneth Burr Eleanor Stone
Tom Winship

VII Music Minuet Beethoven

VIII The District School Martha Hopkins

IX Playlet - THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

Ivan Stone, Master

1	The Schoolmaster's Advice	
2	Mary Had a Little Lamb	Primer Class
3	A Boy's Ambition	Nehimiah Snodgrass
4	Recitation	Ezekiel Trueworth
5	Recitation	Lydia Sawyer
6	The Blackberry Girl	Temperance Carter
7	Medley of Old Time Ballads	
8	Recitation	Caroline King
9	Dialogue - The Hare and the Tortoise	
	Jonathan and Thomas Doolittle	
10	Recitation	Elihu Palmer
11	Recitation	Nathaniel Green
12	Recitation	Meddlesome Matty
13	Dancing	Directed by Helen Elliott
14	Games	Directed by Josephine Monahan

X Presentation of Certificates Mr. Boyer

XI Singing - America the Beautiful

Flag Day June 14.

"There are many flags in many lands. There are flags of every hue. But there is no flag in any land - like our own

Red

White

and

Blue."

Saturday. June 14, 1930. Warmer 85°

Soap-wort or Soap-weed are other names for the old fashioned flower we usually know as "Bouncing Bett." There is plenty of Bouncing Bett in the old fashioned garden of the Inn. It grows in tall, thick clusters of green leaves and we is discovered that it is useful as well as ornamental. "Why", Mr. Lee our gardner said, after using it to make soap suds, "Why, my hands haven't been so clean all summer!"

Mr. Lee read in a seed catalogue somewhere, that if you take the leaves of Bouncing Bett, crunch them together in your fingers and rub them on your hands in water - that by doing this, you will create a nice frothy soapy suds - good enough to wash your clothes in - as they used to do in the old days. Mr. Lee tried it out this afternoon. He didn't try to wash ~~his~~ clothes in the suds, but the light greenish foam certainly removed the dirt from his hands quickly and easily. And it leaves the hands very soft and silky. There is nothing thick or sticky about the suds; they are light and thin and of a pale green color. Grease, from which soap is commonly made, was probably rather precious in the days when it was used in the tiny grease lamps - to burn for a light. Too, it was liable to be used for soap - as much as was needed to wash clothes in - anyway. Thus, Bouncing Bett leaves filled the bill!

Monday. June 16. 1930. Warmer 88°

A clean-cut, nice looking young man was among our visitors to-day and we learned from an aunt who was with him. That his name was William F. Merrill III, and that his father and mother came here for a party - in fact were the principal members of a party who came to the Inn - just previous to their marriage - twenty-two years ago. It was a pre-wedding party and among the guests was Carl Lamson - Carl Lamson is now and has been for many years piano accompanist for Fritz Kreisler - noted violinist. Thus we are learning and learning gradually of all the famous visitors the Inn has had. We wish that a Special Guest Register Book had been kept in the old days. It might be, however, that some of the Special guests would have "escaped" in the old days as they do sometimes now-a-days. We learned through Miss Hopkins who "found" her in the Red Stone School, that a Special guest, Mrs. Ruth Finley, visited the Inn to-day. Mrs. Finley is an authoress and interested in subjects pertaining to old things and old times. A well known book she has written is called "Our Patchwork Quilts" and at present she is gathering material for a book on schools of the 19th century. Miss Hopkins was helpful in giving Mrs. Finley some information about Mr. McGuffy - author of the McGuffy Readers. Mrs. Finley plans to devote one chapter of her book to Mr. McGuffy - his life etc.

Another person who gave us some interesting information to-day was Mr. James L. Karrick of Washington, D.C. Mr. Karrick has a summer home in Stockbridge, Mass. which was formerly called the Appleton place and it was here that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lived for several years after his marriage to Miss Appleton. Mr. Karrick said that Longfellow had not then become known as a great poet and that he "farmed" this property while struggling along with his poetic writings.

BUNKER HILL DAY, fortunately for itself, has a name with clear connotations. To most Americans a holiday means primarily a play-day, with thoughts of Columbus, the Declaration of Independence or thankfulness for divine blessings a secondary consideration. But there were a good many picturesque phases about Bunker Hill that are worth bringing to mind.

In the first place, Bunker Hill's battle, on June 17, 1775, though an important event historically, in that it was the first severe fight of the Revolution, which had opened the previous April 19 in Lexington, was no battle at all according to modern standards. A drawing from a contemporary sketch, done from Beacon Hill, shows placid harbor (which then made of Boston a peninsula and almost an island) with a couple of British sailing vessels afloat and across the water the green hills of Charlestown under a placid sky. Under the lazy clouds in the sky are a lazy cloud of smoke on Bunker Hill, and two others from the guns of the two sailing ships. Charlestown, blazing merrily, is a tiny collection of about four hundred houses at the water's edge, backed by the hills and clustered about a tall church spire. Colonel Prescott's American defenders of the stronghold numbered only about 1500; General Gage, attacking their presumption, had between 2000 and 3000. The American dead were 150; the British, 224. The little fortifications, which included fences reinforced with stuffings of straw, had been put up in only eleven hours, and the battle itself —three assaults, the final one successful because the Americans were almost out of powder—lasted only from about three until five in the afternoon.

People always want to know whether it was on Bunker or Breed's Hill that the battle took place. The answer is both. Bunker Hill was then 110 feet high and about a mile from the English battery on Copp's Hill. Breed's Hill was on Breed's farm, about seventy-five feet high, and about half a mile nearer Boston. Prescott, at the request of the local patriots, had arrived to help fortify the heights at ten o'clock on the night of June 16, which was clear and moonlit. He and his brother officers had had considerable discussion about which eminence to fortify. It was terminated when Richard Gridley, the engineer officer, said he had to get to work, and they decided to fortify both hills. Gridley worked on Breed's from midnight until eleven o'clock the next morning, making breastworks and other protections, and then sent the tools up to Putnam, who fortified Bunker Hill. During the night the Americans going down to the water's edge from time to time would hear the "All's well" of the watch on the English vessels. Charlestown's alarm clock the morning of the seventeenth at daybreak was a bombardment from the ship Falcon.

Another bit of information which people generally remember about the battle was that the Americans were commanded not to fire until they could see the whites of the Britishers' eyes. This was not original with that occasion. It was recalled from the memoirs of the wars of Frederick the Great and had been given in substance by Prince Charles in 1745 and again at the battle of Prague in 1757.

The battle, because it had demonstrated to the Americans that they could withstand an attack from almost twice their number of Britishers, was rightly considered one of the most decisive of the Revolution, and by June 17, 1825, the corner stone of the monument was ready to be laid. "The morning," says a historian of the ceremony, "proved propitious. The air was cool, the sky was clear, and timely showers the previous day had brightened the vesture of nature into its loveliest hue." The aged and irresistibly charming Lafayette was, as we all know, the guest of honor, and here Webster made his first Bunker Hill oration. The mellifluous flow of his literally spellbinding oratory covers about eleven small-type pages of a good-sized volume, and the most famous passage is probably that beginning: "VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field." Eighteen years later, on the monument's completion, Webster, by then Secretary of State, spoke again, giving an oration hardly less notable than his first, and three pages longer in the book. In this oration the tribute to Washington is best known: "I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state . . . to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!"

Tuesday,
June 17. 1930 Warm, windy. 80°

Bunker Hill day is a well known holiday in Boston. But is seldom celebrated to any great extent outside the city limits. We had a few more guests to-day than on an ordinary week-day. but not as many as on a National holiday. Any holiday commemorating a historical event, brings to mind the fact that he or she was in existence when most of these important - now historical - events took place.

Wednesday. June 18, 1930. Showers 72°

A guest made a good suggestion to-day. He pointed out the fact that in the old days there was always a roadway which ran around a bridge - down through the water of any small stream. It was built or made so that a team could be driven through the stream and the horse or horses given an opportunity to take a drink of water. It is evident that there was such a road in the old days by the side of the old stone bridge near by the Inn. You can almost see the wheel tracks if you look closely enough - now all covered over with deep grass and ferns and bushes. But undoubtedly there was a road there in the old days and the guest to-day suggested that we restore it. He suggested that we dig up the grass and bushes etc. and run a team through the brook several times.

Over near the "bridge of stone" can be seen the six new "Devons" - recently arrived from England and now grazing contentedly on Wayside Inn meadow land.

Picture taken May 27. 1930.

Thursday. June 19. 1930. Cloudy. showers 80°

"Reporters are not allowed until tomorrow." I was informed of this fact after I had already arrived inside the Wayside Inn General Store. But I kept right on looking around and "reporting" because I felt that the first account of the Wayside Inn store had a right to be recorded in the Wayside Inn Journal.

It looks and feels and smells quite new when first you enter the store - and by the way, you enter by a green door with a good old latch on it and a brass plate announcing "Hartshorns Vanilla". But when you stop to look around you begin to realize that you are in a really old-time store. The counters are freshly painted to be sure, but behind them one sees such old things as fly-swatters

(next page)

ROADSIDE MARKET

APPROVED AND SUPERVISED

BY THE

WOMAN'S NATIONAL

FARM AND GARDEN

ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED

SOUTH SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

1930

HISTORICAL SKETCH

THE GENERAL STORE of "Bill" Parmenter, erected before the Revolutionary War at the cross-roads in Sudbury Center, carried a little bit of everything, gingham and fish hooks, apples and crockery, stove polish and nails, and more. Here you found wisdom crisp and slow, news of the day, politics and gossip, all heard around the air-tight stove. "Bill" Parmenter, who kept the store for fifty years, was born at the Wayside Inn.

The lower floor was originally the "Center" School, and for a time it contained the Post Office. In 1929-30 it was purchased and moved to its present location on the Boston-Worcester Post Road.

PURPOSES OF THE MARKET

TO ADD to the community another feature of historic interest, to provide a country store and a center for educational and social activities.

To assist agricultural agencies in the solution of rural economic problems by providing a market for farm products, home industries and handicrafts.

To provide for the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, a station where the problems of Roadside Marketing may be studied in an effort to arrive at standards and improved practices.

and lamp chimneys and "preserves" and corn poppers and jars containing the variety of goods - typical of any old country store - are rakes and potatoes and tea chests and baskets and neat rows of neatly tied-up packages of flour. The flour - various kinds

(Courtesy Essex Institute, Salem)

A View of a Cent-Shop, Which Supplied Early Nineteenth-Century Salem with Sweets, Toys and Notions

has all been ground and packed into paper bags right over at the Wayside Inn Grist Mill. And in a glass case are "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and Wayside Inn post cards for sale. Over here is some fertilizer - a Ford Motor Company product. A Refrigerator takes care of cheese and eggs and butter. All items on sale are typical products of New England as far as possible, and made in New England. The baskets are made in Rindge, New Hamp., the rakes come from a small town in Vermont. And we must not forget Vermont Maple Sugar - on a shelf up high. Old scales and the cashiers desk have their place. Near the cashiers desk are a lot of old bills - store bills and receipts - some dating

Mrs. Henry Ford

and the

Marketing Committee of the
Women's National Farm and Garden Association,
Incorporated

cordially invite you to attend the

Private Opening

of the

First Roadside Market

under their supervision

at

The Wayside Inn, South Sudbury,
Massachusetts

Friday, June 20, 1930

3 to 5

Tea will be served

R. S. V. P.
to
Miss Mabel Welch
Wayside Inn,
South Sudbury, Massachusetts

back as far as 1790. They are no longer useful but ornamental - and there are other old things just for decoration on the walls and posts. Hand-bills of ancient vintage. The town Warrant. a quaint picture of the first steam train. Last - and very important is the air tight stove in the center of the room.

But this is not all - Upstairs in the Hall - are Spinning Wheels and looms and reels and such - for all sorts of old time hand work. A fireplace and chairs and tables make it an inviting place to work.

Outside - right beside the shiny white store with its stately white pillars and trim green blinds are two little sheds. One is a Display house where fresh vegetables and fruits and flowers are to be sold. The other is a building to house the heating plant and wash-rooms.

Friday. June 20. 1930. Pleasant 68°

The opening day of the store and everybody hugging around in an effort to have everything in readiness by three in the afternoon - the opening hour. Every body - including Mrs. Ford who came on from Detroit last night - was as enthusiastic and interested and helpful as could be. The Trade School boys in long green dusters and Miss Smith in a cool green smock were busy waiting on customers and in making change and tying up parcels. The display market was most colorful and tempting to the house wife. Little pots of pink geraniums added a lot of color and baskets of large juicy red strawberries were hard to resist. Upstairs Miss Hewitt was surrounded with soft shades of home spun - by the yard - She was spinning woolen yarn on the Spinning Wheel - "Louisa" was weaving cloth on the loom. Mrs. Ford and members of the Marketing Committee of the Womens National Farm and Garden Association received visitors and invited guests and after a few speeches in the Hall. the guests were entertained at tea in the Wayside Inn.

Mrs. Henry Ford Presides at Roadside Stand, Sudbury

Mrs. Henry Ford, president of the Women's National Farm and Garden Association, entertained agricultural leaders from all over New England, at the opening of a roadside market and general store at South Sudbury Friday afternoon. The market is to be run in connection with the old Parmenter store, built before the Revolutionary War.

The store and stand will carry products of the farm connected with the Wayside Inn, handicraft products of the Wayside Inn Trade School, and nearby farm products and it will aid in furnishing an outlet for products from members of the association.

Those present included Mrs. William H. Spicer of Michigan, chairman of the marketing committee; Dr. Arthur W. Gilbert, commissioner of agriculture; Dudley Harmon of the New England Council; members of the marketing committee and of the New England Farm and Garden Association, and representatives from colleges and departments of agriculture in several New England States.

Mrs. Ford outlined the purposes of the association and suggested ways in which problems of roadside marketing may be studied. She expressed the belief that the association can establish a chain of such stands to benefit both producer and consumer.

Dr. Gilbert responded to Mrs. Ford's remarks, saying he believed this to be a fine opportunity and he promised the co-operation of the State Agricultural Department in the enterprise.

Tea was served at the Wayside Inn for forty guests.

Boston Transcript June 21. 1930

Our dancing teacher
Miss Elliott
in old fashioned dress.

Saturday, June 21. 1930

Mr. Lovett - social director from Dearborn - was here this evening to direct the dance held in the large Ball-room. It was the prettiest dance this year - with all the young ladies in particularly pretty dresses and on the platform was a five-piece orchestra - five young ladies in light summer dresses - blending well into the picture - And the music they played - under the leadership of Miss Monahan - one of the hostesses - was the kind that made you want to dance - to be on your feet keeping in step - in spite of the very warm weather. It was a very warm evening and in-between dances, the punch table was the most popular resort - and we dare say that young ladies with pass were the most popular partners. Mr. Lovett introduced some new figures and expressed surprise and pleasure that the dancers could do them so well and easily. He complimented Miss Elliott our teacher - but she was too modest and said that her pupils had worked hard. We think, however, that much credit is due Miss Elliott. We had hoped that Mrs. Ford could stay over for the dance, but she left this afternoon with Mrs. Spicer - her guest. Miss Welch - our resident hostess also accompanied Mrs. Ford to Dearborn to stay for a little visit there.

Mr. Etz is one of the fraters.

THE REV. ROGER F. ETZ, D. D.

Sunday. June 22, 1930.

Mrs. Jackson and family visited the Inn to-day. Mrs. Jackson is Mrs. Edsel Ford's cousin. They were on their way to Maine and spent about an hour here. Miss Hopkins acted as hostess and showed them around the house.

Monday. June 23. 1930.

The day really started at nine o'clock when a group of school children arrived. They were Mr. Fishers group from Worcester with Mr. Fisher in charge - as congenial and smiling as ever - And always - or nearly always - Mr. Fishers groups are quiet. attentive and interested. They mind well and listen well - To-day, by the way, is the last time for the season that Mr. Fisher will bring a group. It is school closing time. Not more than fifteen minutes elapsed before another group of school children could be heard and seen approaching - mostly could they be heard. Such a contrast to Mr. Fishers group! They were boys. interested, yes - but noisy. They were uneasy; talkative - and over in the corner were the two teachers in charge - a young man and a young lady. Most of the time that our hostess was explaining things and telling the story. the two teachers were talking in a low tone together and walking around in back of the groups. A good example to set - discipline? No wonder the children were restless - And hardly had this group left the front door. before another group filed in. Thirty-two pupils from Millbury Mass and from the Longfellow School. Quite apropos to visit Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

Six ladies from the Old Ladies Home in Framingham were our guests for dinner this noon. It was a Birthday party. one of the ladies was celebrating - and so we gave it as much of a "party" aspect as possible. Flowers and place cards and two invited guests. Mrs. Elliott from Framingham - who often reads to the ladies and Mr. Campbell - instructor from the Trade School - both had dinner with the ladies - making a total of eight. Later they went down to the Redstone School where Miss Hopkins presented each one with a book. It was a lovely party and gave much pleasure to the old ladies - gave them something to remember and think about.

Guests, registering in our Special Guest Register to-day were Cyrus H. K. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis - Philadelphia publishers - and Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok - their daughter.

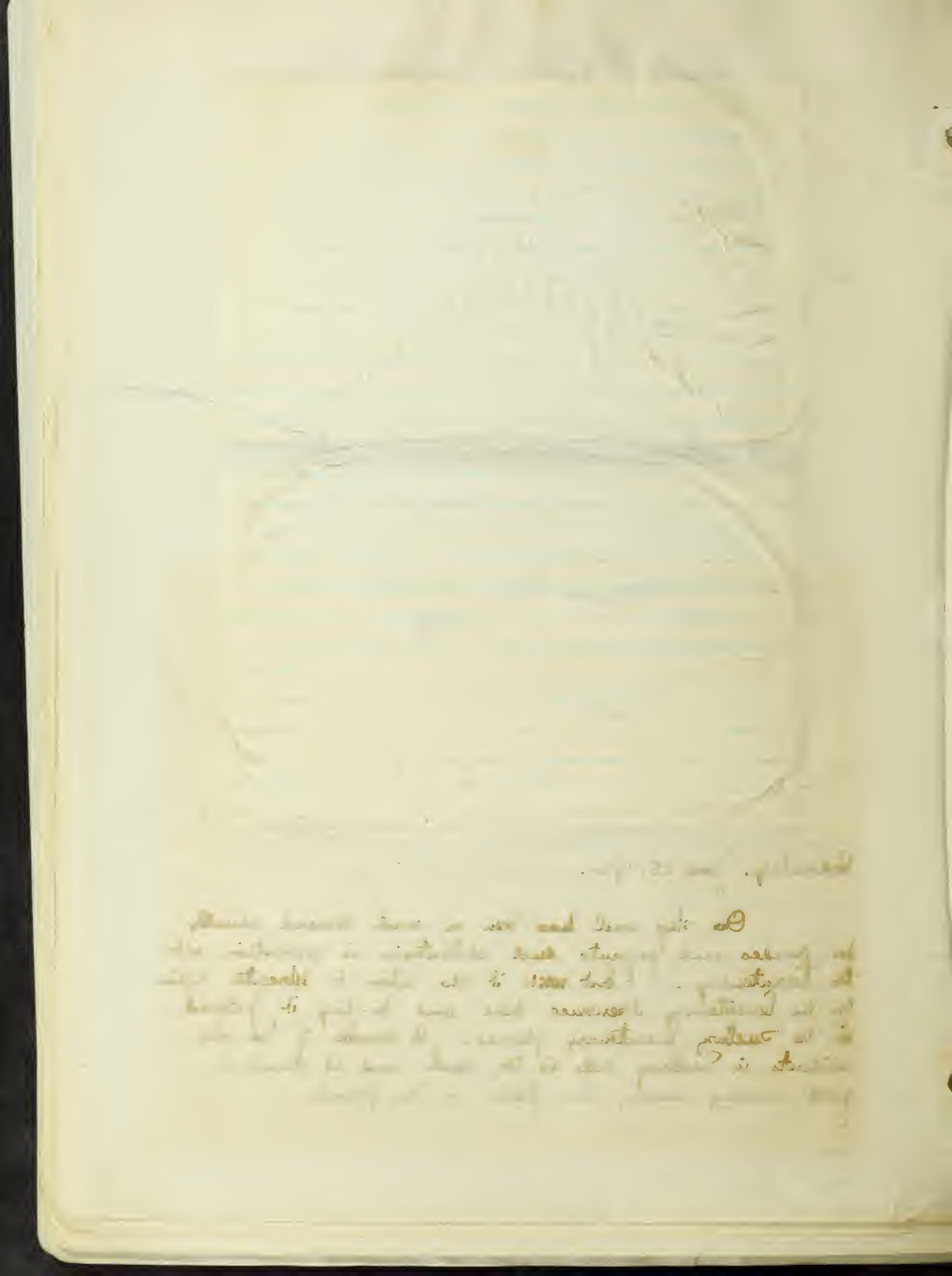
The
Aibella.

Tuesday. June 24. 1930.

There is something about a Tourist that one recognizes as soon as he steps inside the door. It may be the kind of dress he wears - cool - comfortable sometimes a bit mussy. It may be the auto mobile in which he arrives - with dusty covered luggage trailing on the sides and back. Sometimes it is the nonchalant manner with which he approaches - a dis-interested manner as if the Wayside Inn was just one more old house to see. But mostly it is a look of genuine interest, eagerness and curiosity that makes us recognize him immediately as a Tourist - one who travels from place to place for pleasure or culture. Lately many tourists from the western part of the country have been our guests. Out in the west everything is new - new buildings - new furniture, new people - and so the westerner is doubly interested and enthused. And often they catch the spirit and meaning of old New England and want to know more and more about it. It seems sometimes as if they could not ask questions enough - or as if we could not tell them enough about the house.

Wednesday. June 25. 1930.

Our stage coach has been in much demand recently for parades and pageants and celebrations in connection with the Tercentenary. Last week it was taken to Worcester again for the Tercentenary observance there and to-day it featured in the Sudbury Tercentenary Parade. A number of the old residents in Sudbury rode in the coach and it made a good showing among the "floats" in the parade.



Thursday. June 26. 1930.

When the cooking utensils around the fireplace in the old kitchen are being explained to our guests, we frequently hear the remark that in some of the country districts in England and France, the cooking for the family is still done around the fireplace. People often tell us of their ancestors and grandmothers cooking in this fashion. But we were surprised to-day when a lady told us about her aunts who live near by, ~~here~~ in the town of Hopkinton Massachusetts. and who still do their cooking in the old-fashioned way. She said that these two maiden ladies had lived for many years - possibly all their lives - in a very old house and have never had a stove of any kind in the house. They bake in the old brick oven and prepare and cook all their food in the large old kitchen near the ~~large~~ open fireplace.

As their contribution to the tercentenary celebration in Salem, the Pequot Mills have opened a guest house for visitors to the city. This is a quaint, 2½ story dwelling, a reproduction of a 17th century American home, with a dooryard garden and a collection of rare antiques. A group of Salem women were hostesses today at the formal opening of the house. The resident hostess is to be Miss Elizabeth Goldthwaite.

Tercentenary Pilgrimages—No. 16

THE WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY

Photo by Earl B. Forrester.

"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors."

Such an old tavern stood in Sudbury, on the Post road from Boston to New York, in the days when "half effaced by rain and shine, the Red Horse prances on the sign."

Immortalized in Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn, the once bustling inn has now become a show-spot, where visitors from the world over arrive eagerly. It still offers hospitality in a splendid cuisine, but the prices are somewhat different than in the old days, when a "good dinner" could be had for a quarter, or thereabouts.

The Red Horse Tavern, owned by several generations of Howes, was a typical "ordinary" of a bustling, large-sized town. The landlord, Howe, was a man of note, and the political destiny of the country was oft discussed, for the tavern was a rendezvous for the town.

GOOD PHLIPS

Here, the arrival of the mail coach, with a flourish, to the tavern was an event of thrilling importance, while the tap room was ever popular for its good "phlip." In this tap room many famous men have gathered, Adams, Hancock, Daniel Webster and the famous bard, Longfellow, who has made the rambling old structure a setting for his famous Tales, which every school boy and girl knows by heart.

Much could be said of the Howes, who, upon losing their wealth, undertook the venture of a public-house, and how from father to son the old "ordinary" passed through the years until Longfellow's day.

John How was the first of the Howes (the "e" was added later), to come to these shores, and he became a tavern-keeper as early as 1661. He was a selectman and a justice of the peace, "a man of character," indeed.

But this John How was not of Red Horse Tavern, but in a neighboring town he displayed a Black Horse upon his sign. He was, however, the first Landlord How.

David How opened the Red Horse Tavern shortly after 1714, in a small house which is supposed to be the "ell" in the rear of the present establishment. His son, Ezekial, enlarged the inn because of the larger demand for accommodation.

Ezekial How took part in the opening battle at Lexington. George Washington honored the inn by his presence in 1789, when he made a farewell tour of New England.

COLONIAL REMINDER

Colonel How's third son, Adam, became possessor at his father's death and he kept the inn until 1830, when his son, Lyman, carried on the business.

Lyman Howe was a bachelor, so the line of Howes ended at his decease. In his time the Red Horse was again as unpretentious as at its beginning, for the railroad has usurped the stream of guests which used to arrive by stage coach.

The Wayside Inn is now a glorious reminder of colonial days, with a splendid collection of antiques which the present owner, Henry Ford, has collected carefully. The surroundings are beautiful and well protected. Visitors are welcome.

Boston American June 26. 1930

Friday. June 27, 1930

Rarely is either Ball-room used for a real Ball. The word Ball in this sense reminds us of stately ladies and dignified men and formal attire and a large room with shiny, slippery floor and lively music. And so to-night there was held a real Ball in our large Ball-room. The Sudbury Tercentenary Ball. The ladies were stately in their long dresses - cut much on the same lines as those their ancestors wore when they would dance at The Red Horse Tavern - The men - a good many, were in the dignified attire of Tuxedos - and others less formal in white flannels. The room was dressed up too, for the occasion, in red rambler roses and green ferns - and the shiny, slippery floor was a most inviting place for the dancers - together with the strains of music from the orchestra in a slow waltz or a lively quadrille. Harry Brigham - famous as a good man to "call off" was there and Miss Elliott helped in demonstrating the dances, the Varsovienne. the Galop. the Schottisch - her partner being Mr. Fred Stone from Sudbury. Stone, Walker. Goodnow - original settlers of Sudbury — and their descendants all here to-night to join in this old-time Ball - ending Tercentenary Old Home Week in Sudbury. During the evening. Ice-cream and cake and punch were served and under Mr. Boyer's direction it was evident that everybody was happy and enjoying himself. Mrs. Nellie Rice Fiske - Regent of the Wayside Inn Chapter D.A.R. led the Grand March with Mr. Henry Smith - old time Sudbury resident and the second couple in line were Rev. George Clark and Mrs. Fred Clark - these four in old fashioned costume. Three hundred tickets were given out to Sudbury residents and two-hundred and fifty-seven taken at the door - All in attendance were guests of Mr. Ford.

Program:

Orchestra Number	Varsovienne	Schottisch
Grand March	Singing Waltz	Waltz
~~WALTZ~~ Virginia Reels ~~or Waltz~~	Two-step	Galop
Quadrille	Virginia Reel	Quadrille
Orchestra Selection	Orchestra	Waltz

1630

SUDBURY

MASSACHUSETTS

Incorporated 1639

Wadsworth Monument

1852

1930

Programme

Sunday, June 22nd

Union Service, Unitarian Church. Address by Rev. Dr. Samuel Eliot, of Arlington Street Church.

Wednesday, June 25th

Old Home Day. Parade, 1.30 p. m. Major Dr. Albert Owen, chief marshal; Framingham Rotary Club Boys' Band; Floats of Organizations and Trades. At Sudbury Center, 3 p. m.: "America," by Band and Audience; Invocation, William Channing Brown; Presentation of Speakers, by Chairman; Music; Professor George H. Barton, president of day; Music. Speakers: His Excellency Governor Frank G. Allen; Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, M. C.; Attorney John E. Rice, and others.

Friday, June 27th

Old Home Week Ball, at the Wayside Inn, through the courtesy of Mr. Ford. Committee of arrangements: Mrs. Frank F. Gerry, Mrs. Lewis B. Coburn, Mr. Frank E. Bowker.

SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

The Town of Sudbury, in Middlesex County, was founded in 1639, the first town west of Watertown; the dividing line being the present town line between Weston and Wayland.

Nothing was known of this part of the country until William Wood came from England in 1633, and made a rough survey of the territory which the Indians called Musketaquid, or Grassy Ground.

Wood was so delighted with the country and spoke so highly of it on his return, that later settlers coming to Watertown in 1637-'38 began to come to this new section, and in 1639 the name of Sudbury was given to the new town, which was so incorporated; taking its name from Sudbury, England, from where many of the new settlers came.

This part of Sudbury was later set apart from what is now Wayland, and the first town meeting was held in the new meeting house, August 5, 1723, where now stands the present First Parish church; all town meetings being held there until about 1795. While the present church was being built, town meetings were held in the house of General Benjamin Sawin. The present church was finished in 1797, and town meetings were held there until the recently burned town hall was built in 1846.

Among the names of original settlers were Haynes, Brown, Rice, Hunt, Wheeler, Stone, Bent, Moore, Reed, Goodnow, Howe, Parmenter and others equally prominent. Many of these names are still found on the list of voters of the town.

Among the many points of historical interest in Sudbury are: The Wadsworth Battle Ground, where the settlers fought for their homes and families in 1676. In 1730 a slate stone was erected on the site by President Wadsworth of Harvard College, son of Captain Wadsworth, and in 1852 the Legislature was petitioned for aid in erecting a monument, which was granted. The following inscription appears on the monument: "This monument is erected by The Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the Town of Sudbury in grateful remembrance of the services and suffering of the founders of the State and especially in honor of Captain Samuel Wadsworth of Milton, Captain Brocklebank of Rowley, Lieutenant Sharp of Brookline and twenty-six others, men of their command who fell near this spot on the eighteenth of April, 1676, while defending the frontier settlements against the allied Indian forces of Philip of Pokanoket—1852."

The survivors of the Wadsworth battle took refuge in their flight in the Haynes, Goodnow, Parmenter and Walker Garrison Houses, as well as Hop Brook Mill, which have mostly disappeared, except a portion of the Goodnow house, situated at the farm of Aubrey Borden, on the State road, but are marked by memorial stones or tablets. The Indians tried to burn out those taking refuge in the Haynes Garrison House by turning loose down the hill towards the house, a load of burning flax, but it upset before reaching the house, saving the settlers.

Additional points of interest are the site of the old Hop Brook Mill, built in 1659, by grant of the Town of Sudbury to Thomas and Peter Noyes, being the first mill built west of the Sudbury river, the Musketaquid. The Wayside Inn, immortalized by Longfellow, and recently restored by Henry Ford; the old Kidder Shoe Shop, built about 1820; the site of the first shoe factory west of Watertown, built 1850, and operated by Brown and Jones; the Goodnow Library, endowed and erected 1862 by John Goodnow, a descendant of Edmond Goodnow; this was the second free public library in the state, the first being in that part of Sudbury which is now Wayland; the oldest house in town on its original site, built in 1699-1700, by Abraham Wood, the second owner of Hop Brook Mill; the Howe Brown house, earlier called the Major Josiah Richardson house, now owned by Frank Morton, built in 1725; this house prior to the Civil war was one of the stations of the so-called underground railroad, Mr. Brown being the station agent; the Loring Parsonage, built 1730; the Bigelow Parsonage; the Hurlbut Parsonage; the Old Parish Church; Revolutionary Monument; Civil War Monument; the Old Cemetery, which contains the graves of the ancestors of many of our people.

In Colonial times, Sudbury was the largest town in the state except Salem. In Revolutionary days it was the largest town in Middlesex County. Sudbury is the mother town of Framingham, Marlboro, Hudson, Maynard, Northboro, Southboro, Westboro, Grafton, Worcester and other towns west, all settled by pioneers from Sudbury; the first settler in Worcester was Ephraim Curtis, who settled on what is the northeast end of Lincoln street and lived there many years alone, but his longing for Sudbury caused him to return and end his days there, but others of his family took his place in Worcester, where descendants still reside.

Sudbury is one of the most beautiful towns in Eastern Massachusetts, and retains much of its old Colonial charm and has many descendants of Colonial days.

With the advent of the automobile we are brought nearer to Boston and other business and social centers, and we welcome those who have come and are coming amongst us to enjoy as far as may be our old-fashioned country life, which we trust "may not perish from the earth," in spite of the changing conditions of time."

POINTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

The Old Training Field and Site of Storage Houses, 1720. Old County Road East of State Road.

Site of Deacon John Haynes' Garrison House. Here the settlers held the Indians from the eastward advance, April 18-21, 1676.

Goodnow Garrison, which is a portion of Aubrey Borden's House, State Road, East.

Hull Goodnow House, built 1747, State Road.

John Goodnow House, built 1800, on the Saxonville Road. He was one of the prominent men in the colony, and lived to be more than 101 years old.

Abraham Wood's House, the oldest house in South Sudbury, 1699-1700.

Music or Singing Hill, south of State Road, opposite Tighe's Filling Station. Here the settlers used to gather and sing under Uncle Siah Richardson.

Site of First Shoe Factory West of Boston, built 1850, by Brown & Jones, State Road.

The site of Hop Brook Mill, the first mill west of the river. Granted January 7, 1659, to Thomas and Peter Noyes, for their services to the colony.

Site of Hunt's Store, once the trading center for miles around; kept by five generations.

Captain Enoch Kidder Shoe Shop, built in 1820, the birthplace of the Republican Party in Sudbury, now Bradshaw's Store.

Site of Mill Village Tavern, built about 1750, corner State Road and Concord Road.

George Pitts' Farm, on Raymond Road, was granted 1715. Here many meetings were held to discuss location of church and division of town.

Major Thomas Brown Garrison House, built about 1660; Fred Ham's Farm, Framingham Road.

Deacon William Brown Farm, granted for his services in the colony, 1649; first house built 1650, second house built 1665-'70; now Gordon Wilson's house, on Framingham Road; oldest house in Sudbury.

Site of General John Nixon House, on northerly slope Nobscot Mountain, near Spring.

Tippling Rock, easterly slope Nobscot Mountain.

Site of Old Jethro's Wigwam, near to Precipice. Indian Planting Fields nearby.

Site of Parmenter Garrison House, near Wayside Inn. The carpenter's building the Inn took refuge from the Indians here.

Red Horse Tavern, Wayside Inn, built 1666; now owned by Henry Ford.

Site of Old How Mill, built 1680, second mill west of the river, near the Wayside Inn.

Little Red Schoolhouse, made famous by Mary's Little Lamb.

Doeskin Hill Timber Common, of 130 acres; fine of 19 shillings for each tree cut without permission.

Site of Thomas Plympton's First House, built about 1725, near Wayside Inn Station.

Site of Walker's Garrison House, near Wayside Inn Station.

Old Walker School, first free school in Sudbury, formerly James Walker place.

Goodnow Public Library, in front of which the Civil War Monument stands, was the second free library in the state, built 1862. Gift of John Goodnow, grandson of John Goodnow, who was one of Sudbury's prominent men, and lived to be over 101 years old.

Site of Wadsworth Academy, built 1857; from which many noted men were graduated. Memorial Church stands here.

Major Josiah Richardson grant. House built about 1725. Later, Israel How Brown House. Prior to Civil War an underground railroad station; Mr. Brown being station agent. More than 100 negroes passed through here.

Wadsworth Monument, scene of battle of Green Hill, April 18-21, 1676. More than 100 were killed in this battle with Philip and his savages.

Goulding's Antique House, built in Wayland about 1680; removed to its present site 1925.

Hurlbut Parsonage, Concord Road, built about 1820.

F. E. Bent House, oldest house in Sudbury Center, Concord Road.

Site of Jones' Store, recently sold to Henry Ford. Formerly the first school in Sudbury Center.

Site of Joel and Nabby Jones' Tavern, Old Sudbury Road.

Ashur Goodnow House and Store, built about 1800, Concord Road.

Old Parish Unitarian Church, built 1797, on site of first church west of the river, which was built 1723. Revolutionary War Monument, dedicated June 17, 1896, stands in front of this church.

Loring Parsonage, on grant of land dated 1727; built about 1730, by Sudbury's first minister of the west side, Old Sudbury Road.

Bigelow Parsonage, built about 1765, by Rev. Jacob Bigelow, second minister of Sudbury.

Old Rice Homestead, on Rice Road. William Rice married Mary, daughter of Daniel Esterbrook, 1737; settled here on grant of 300 acres. Now owned by W. E. Piper.

Reuben Haynes' Tavern, built about 1700, Great Road, North Sudbury.

Pratt's Tavern, built previous to 1820, Great Road, North Sudbury.

Site of Haynes' Block House, on farm of Clarence Austin, North Sudbury.

Site of Pantry School, corner Concord Road and County Road. Several famous men went to school here.

Site of Second Thomas Plympton House, on site of Mrs. Frederic Whiting house.

Inconspicuous Sign directing motorists to the Wayside Inn parking place.

Saturday. June 28. 1930.

Breezy 74°

Often our guests ask why we do not have large road side markers telling the direction of the Wayside Inn. They go sometimes a mile or two beyond and then turn back because they have missed the modest little signs which we do have near the parking space. They are signs, however, and if one is not going too fast on the new road he can easily see them. But we want to be modest about these sign boards. We do not want large ones that stare you in the face and obstruct the view of the natural country side. Other guests tell us of their pleasure in <u>not</u> seeing any sign boards along the highway in front of the Inn. And so it is - as the old saying goes - hard to please everybody. We are inclined to agree, however, that it is a pleasure not to see the common sign boards and bill boards anywhere on the property immediately surrounding the Inn - It leaves the Inn as Longfellow found it.

"Remote among the wooded hills"

The Howland House

Plymouth, Massachusetts

Built 1667—Restored 1913
One of the oldest houses in America

Bought in 1912
by
The Pilgrim John Howland Society

A recent visitor was a Mr. Howland, Secretary of The Pilgrim John Howland Society who presented us with this folder telling about the old Howland House in Plymouth, Mass. which has been restored and opened to the public.

The Howland House

The old Howland House on Sandwich Street in Plymouth, Massachusetts, was erected in 1667 by Jacob Mitchell, who built the large square chimney, the north room and attic above, with probably a lean-to over the fire-place in the kitchen.

It is now one of the oldest houses in America. Originally it was a six or eight-post house, but the old rafters indicate that the roof has been raised three times.

Jacob Mitchell and his wife were both killed by the Indians in 1667, and Jabez Howland, son of the Pilgrim John Howland, and a well-to-do man, came into possession of the house. He finished building around the chimney and eventually raised the roof higher and widened it to cover the whole house as it now is.

The main room in the house remains in nearly its original condition, and if its walls could speak, they would repeat the words of John Howland and his good wife, Elizabeth Tilley Howland.

First Floor

Visitors, on entering the Howland House, will notice the interesting H & L door hinges (Holy Lord), and the double cross on the front door panels, which signified security from witchcraft.

The Pilgrims and their children for several generations were very superstitious.

The old house has been furnished by members of The Pilgrim John Howland Society with heirlooms, relics and antiques.

The front room on the left (furnished by Mrs. Mary J. S. Moore and family, of Haddonfield, N. J.) contains a distaff, spinning wheel, foot-warmers, andirons and tongs, and a glass case in which are many rare and treasured articles given by various members, including old Bibles, Prayer Books, a Latin dictionary (published in England in 1704), shoe buckles worn by the Marquis de La Fayette, fire-arms, lamps, etc.

The small room leading from this room has an old Melodeon, made into a desk by a member of the Society, Stephen J. Adams.

The kitchen is most interesting and contains the old settle, table-chair, spinning wheel, fire-place with oven in back, cranes, kettles and many other antiques. The pewter in glass cases is the gift of the Misses Jewett, of Chicago, Illinois.

The small bedroom off from the kitchen has one of the old rope beds and trundle-bed, with old chairs.

The right front room was furnished by one of the former Presidents of The Pilgrim John Howland Society, Mr. James Crocker Foote, of Belvidere, Illinois, in memory of his mother, Mrs. Mary Crocker Foote, a descendant of John Howland, who passed away in 1907; his son, John Garvin Foote (1903); and his sister, Mrs. Mary Annette Foote Clarke (1912).

Second Floor

The second floor is a replica of downstairs, even to an oven in the back of the chimney over the kitchen.

The room with a hole in the door, is where the women and children were placed in case of an Indian attack, and where they could not only see but shoot should any of the Indians come upstairs.

The floors in the bedrooms upstairs are supposed to be the original, having hand-made nails in them. One board in the small room facing the street is worn by constant wear of feet from the big fire-place in the middle room or kitchen to the window, where a fine view of the Bay was obtained, as there were no houses on the other side of the street at that time, or until about one hundred years ago.

There is a tradition handed down that this board was worn by the wives of the various sea captains, who have lived in the House and trod to the window looking for the ships they longed to see coming home.

The front room on the left was furnished by our Founder and former secretary, Mrs. Lillie B. Titus, and her sister, Mrs. Lucy E. Wallace, in memory of their grandfather, Captain James Huckins.

The old canopy bed—a genuine antique—and the old bureau have been handed down from former generations.

The small bedroom has an old rope-bed and a very interesting old bed-spread.

The other bedroom, furnished by Mrs. Cynthia Hathaway, contains a rare old bed with Pineapple posts, and a bed-spread over one hundred and twenty-five years old.

Visitors should not fail to go up into the attic and see the massive chimney which shows the work of a master builder.

The plaster on the north room downstairs has been found to be made of sea-sand, ground clam shells and goats hair. The first plaster was made thus because of the lack of limestone in this section of the country. It is, therefore, in all probability, the original plastering.

The late William T. Davis, Historian, said of the Howland House: "It is fair to presume that its floors have been trodden by these two passengers of the *Mayflower* (John Howland and his wife); let this ancient structure be added to the list of Pilgrim Memorials and share with the Rock our veneration and respect."

Pictures of the old Howland House, the original kitchen and the guest room, may be bought for souvenirs.

Be sure and get the book—"John Howland, A Mayflower Pilgrim."

If you are a descendant of John Howland and his wife, Elizabeth Tilley, we cordially invite you to become a member of The Pilgrim John Howland Society. Information will be given you by the Caretaker.

A Nation-Wide Historical Event

Admiral Byrd, a Boston man, recently back from the South Pole, receives a medal from President Hoover.

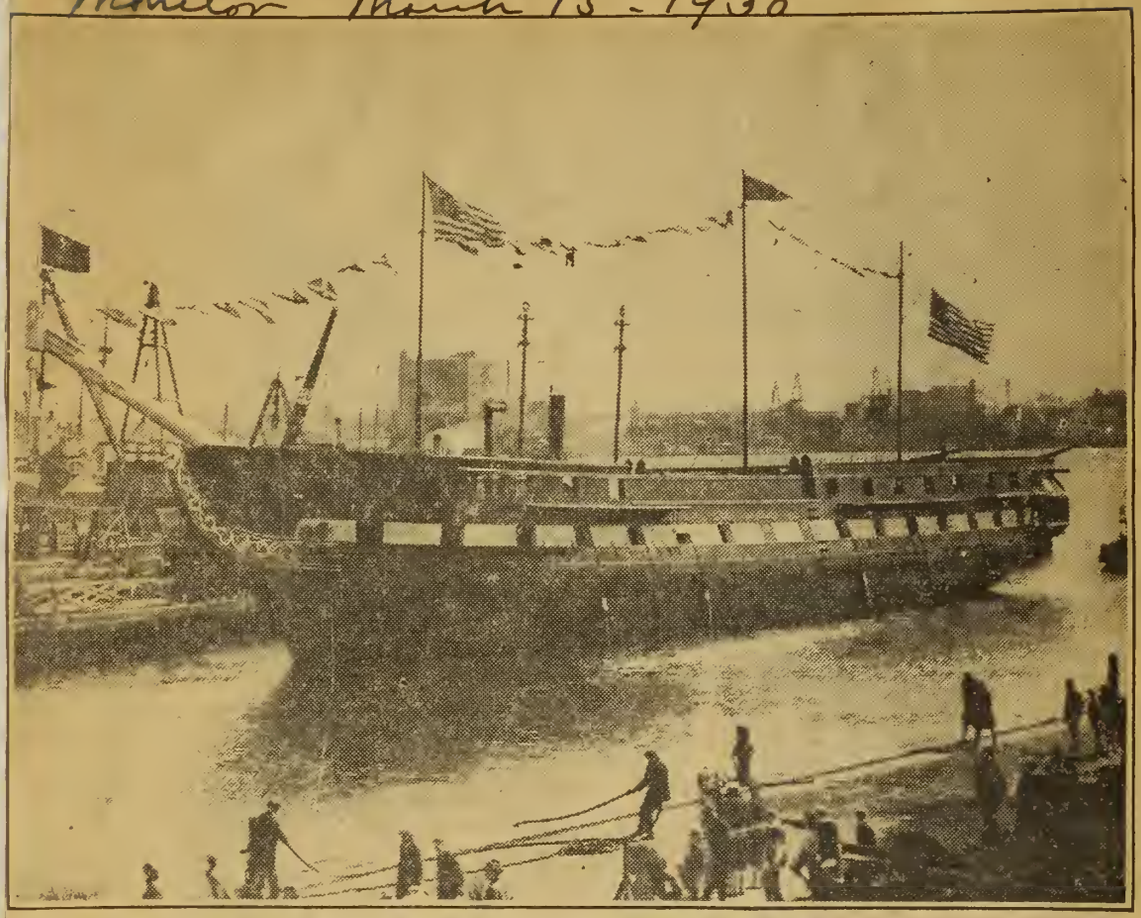
Warmer 84°

Monday. June 30. 1930.

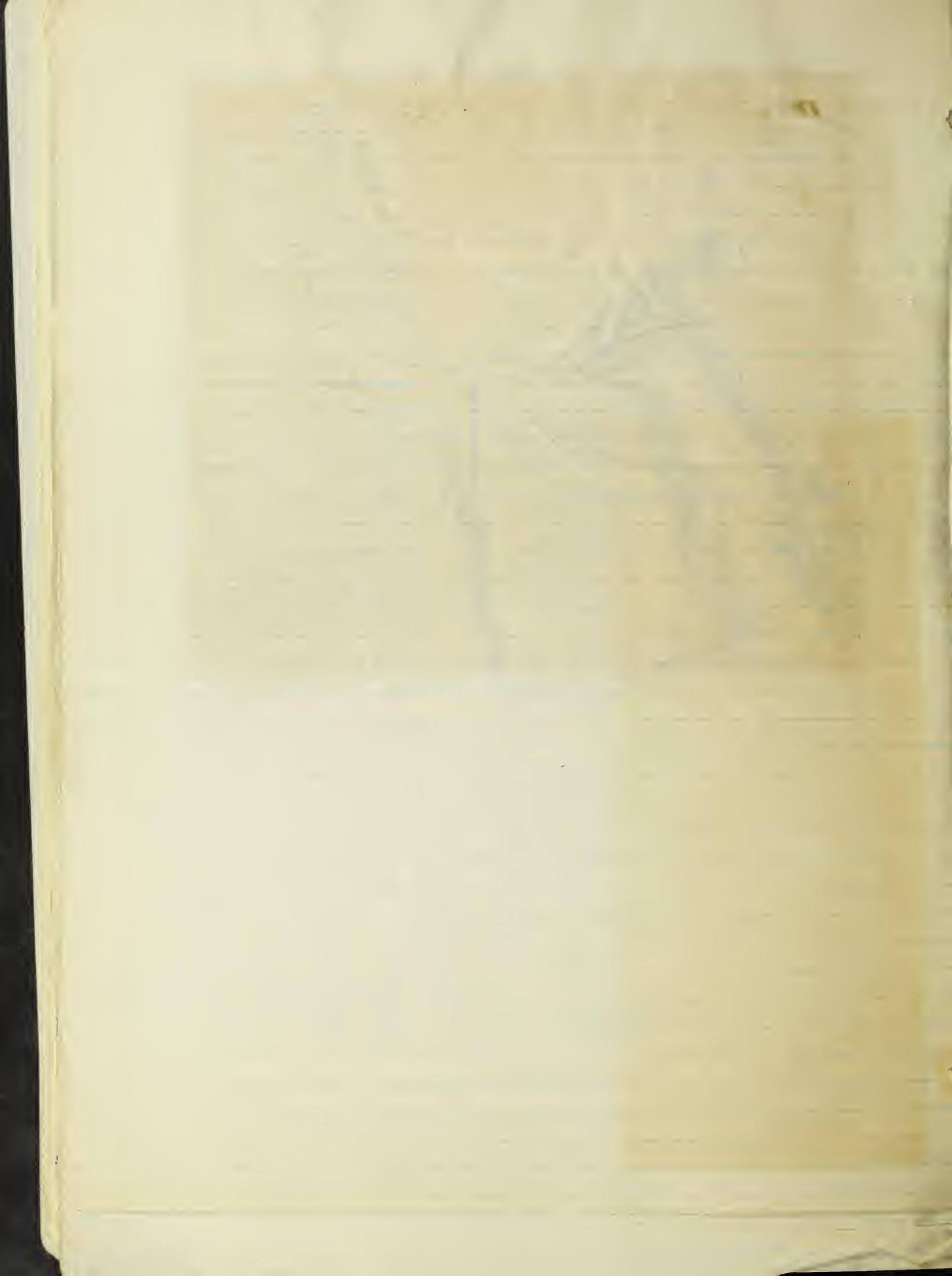
A young lady of about sixteen years came to one of the hostesses to-day and said: "You know, I came to the Inn last summer - and you told me the story about the Inn. Last winter when my aunt wrote and asked me what I wanted for Christmas, I told her that I wanted one of the books - "Tales of a Wayside Inn" more than any thing else. She bought one for me and I am so pleased to have it. It is all so much more interesting after you have seen the Inn". The young lady lives in Washington, D.C. but her aunt lives near by and is a frequent visitor.

Historic Frigate Floats Once More

Monitor March 15 - 1930



OLD FRIGATE CONSTITUTION AS IT WAS TOWED FROM DRYDOCK TO ITS PIER AT THE NAVY YARD.



OLD FASHIONED BLOTTERS

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

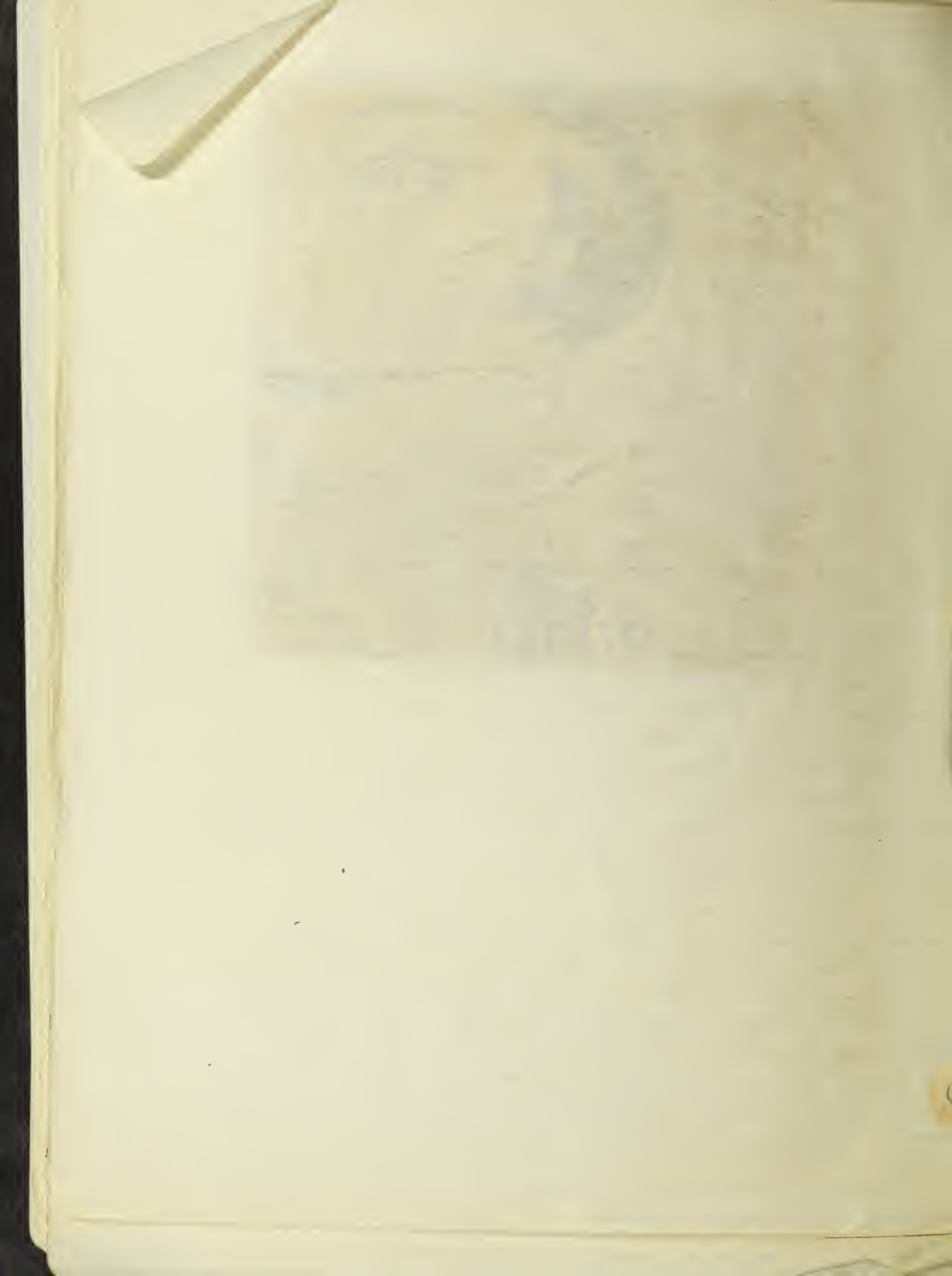
Now that Mr. Coolidge has become an insurance man, we hope he will do something about blotters. He is interested in old fashioned things; at any rate, he was interested in economy, which is very old fashioned. Why shouldn't he strike a blow for old fashioned blotting paper? We have suffered for a long time now under the new dispensation. Our fountain pen warns us that it needs filling by suddenly depositing a large blob of ink on the page. (Dr. Crothers once drew a human analogy from this trait in fountain pens, suggesting that minds almost empty of ideas flow freest.) We then reach for a blotting paper, and touch the blot with the corner. Nothing happens. We tear off a bit of paper, to get a fuzzier edge, and try again. Nothing happens. We then lay the paper firmly on the blot, and press down. Something happens, then! The blot is spread out like the silhouette of a Golliwog, completely spoiling half a paragraph.

We have tried all companies, fire, marine, accident, automobile, life. They all seem to get their blotters from the one source of supply. The advertising value of these blotters may be high, but the capillary action is almost nil. We have even gone to the unprecedented extent of buying blotting paper, which hurt us almost as much as it would to buy matches or wooden golf tees. (Somebody, of course, must buy wooden golf tees, but we never have to; we pick up plenty by keeping our eyes open.) And the purchased blotting paper was, if possible, even less adapted to its avowed purpose. It was a pretty color, and had nice ribbed pattern stamped on it. But it wouldn't soak up a blot. It was probably made for one of those desk pads with brass corners which people give you for Christmas. It was of just about as much use.

So when Mr. Coolidge trots around to write insurance, he can do a great stroke for his company and for the public in general by filling his pockets with real, old fashioned blotters, and giving a couple to every prospect. Instead of trying to commit suicide, like the man we read of the other day, who could think of no other way to dodge the insurance agents, Mr. Coolidge's prospects would soon be running down the path to meet him, or taking him out to lunch.

Boston Herald April 1929.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM SHAKES HANDS WITH THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
Greeted by Percy H. Clark, at Whose Estate Near Philadelphia the Wedding Reception Took Place.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart recently acquired in London. One of the most notable examples of the so-called Athenaeum type of Washington portraits.
Size: 24 x 30 inches. (*See editorial comment.*)
Owned by Robert Jackson

HINGHAM'S OLD SHIP CHURCH
On Record as the Oldest House for Public Worship in the United States. Enlarged in 1735 and 1755, It Has Had Only 10 Ministers.

Old Ship Church at Hingham, Mass., So Named From Shape and Lookout

Aug 10 - 1929

Every week day during July and August, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR publishes an illustrated historical sketch, briefly describing places of interest to visitors at the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary celebration in the summer of 1930.

There has not been much change in the Old Ship Church in Hingham, Mass., in the two centuries and more since it was built. Those who built it hewed its timbers out of solid oak with a broadax and the marks of the ax are still visible today in the original timber of the frame.

Old Ship Church is on record as the oldest house for public worship standing in the United States. It is still used for its original purpose and in all its long service has had only 10 ministers.

The name "Old Ship" is attached to it because of its peculiar appearance, rectangular, two stories high and having a lookout station. The massive pulpit is reached by a steep stairway. Its rafters are uncovered. Not until 1817 did stoves take the places of foot warmers. In 1763 certain pews were assigned to "persons skilled in music." Separate pews were the lot of elders, deacons and, in her time, the widow of the first pastor. In Hingham of old one member of the parish was taken to court for "common sleeping during public exercise on the Lord's Day and for striking him who waked him. Since he was not sorry he was sentenced to be severely whipped."

There was one earlier meetinghouse in Hingham, built soon after its settlement in 1635; this edifice had a belfry and a bell, and was surrounded by a stockade. The Hingham and Plymouth colonists worshiped there together, the Plymouth men coming by a trail through the forest.

The Old Ship Church was enlarged in 1735 and again in 1755, but its type, simple, rectangular, with a pyramidal hipped roof and belfry rising in the center was not changed, for after all, it is an architectural design entirely suitable for its purpose.

NO. 96—MISS CLARA E. SEARS